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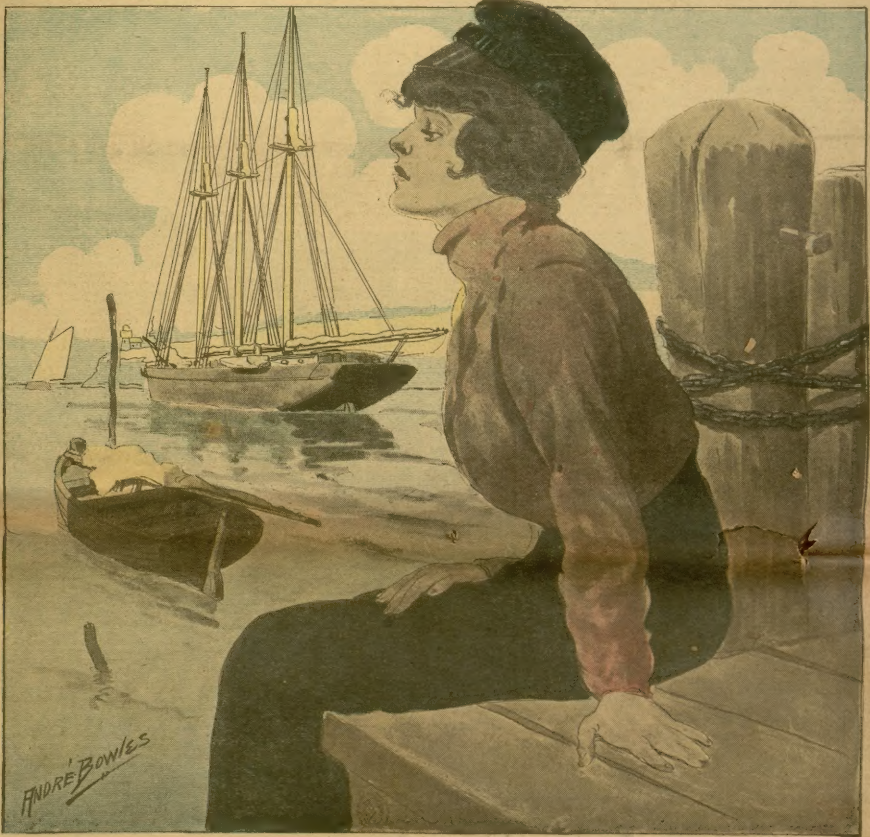

THE GIRL CAPTAIN

-:- Or, -:-

BELLE ISLE MEG

By George Ethelbert Walsh

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CHAPTER I.

THE Belle Isle, a three-masted schooner, swung idly to the rippling tide in the harbor of Greenfield Haven, her sails neatly housed, her decks clean and polished, and from her foretruck fluttered a solitary flag. The wind coming in from the salt sea whistled mournfully thru the bare rigging, singing a soft cadence, as if in sympathy for the skipper who for a quarter of a century had trod her decks and brought her safely into port after each adventurous journey.

Up at the small cottage under the lee of the white, chalk-like cliff, the last rites to the dead had been performed, and all that was mortal of Captain Franklin, the old-time skipper, had been reverently laid at rest.

Presently the door of the cottage opened, and a young, shapely girl, wearing a double-breasted sweater, stepped out and gazed silently across the blue waters in the direction of the schooner. Her complexion was naturally fair, but wind and sun had tanned it, and the rebellious hair matched it in the lighter shades of brown. Under the clear eyes lurked the shadows of worry and anxiety.

She did not speak, but her thoughts were plainly written on her face. A voice, high and querulous, from inside, caused her suddenly to turn and reenter the cottage.

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," she answered, sighing as she cast a last, lingering look at the schooner.

"What are doing out there, Meg?" the newly widowed invalid demanded from her chair. "Shut the door after you. I declare, you'll be the death of me yet if you don't learn to shut doors."

"I thought the fresh air would make you feel better, mother," Meg replied, smoothing the blanket. "It's a beautiful day outside."

"What of it if it is?" snapped the invalid. "The days are all alike to me—rain or shine. I reckon now there won't be nothing but stormy days ahead for us. I declare, some people have more'n their share of trouble. As if I hadn't enough without—without—him being taken from me!"

Meg soothed the agitation of the speaker, wiping away the tear that bubbled out of the weak eyes, and with difficulty suppressing one of her own.

"I wouldn't worry, mother," she said tenderly. "We can get along somehow. I'll take care of you."

"What's going to become of us, I'd like to know?" continued the invalid, unconsoled. "We ain't got nothing but that schooner, and she ain't no good to us any more. If I'd only had a son! Your father always wanted one, and said—said——"

Meg winced and looked with such imploring eyes at the speaker that the sentence was never finished.

"I can work, mother. There must be something I can do. I'll begin right away."

"And who'll take care of me, I'd like to know?"

Meg bit her lip and turned her head sidewise.

"Aunt Jane would come here to live if we asked her. I'm sure she would."

"Humph!" snorted the invalid. "And you'd have to support her, too."

"Yes, but she'd earn the right of a home if she kept house for us."

The wife of the old sea captain had a small, pinched face that close confinement and suffering had made waxen white, almost transparent in its delicacy; but the features were sharp and marked with lines of worry and discontent. She was not a kind to accept her shut-in life without rebellious feelings, and her sufferings and disappointments had sharpened her tongue and temper.

Captain Franklin, Meg's father, had devoted nearly every hour of his life on shore to the invalid wife. He had pitied her, waited upon her, worked for her, and spoiled her—and the sum total of this lifelong devotion was now bequeathed to his daughter as an inheritance of somewhat doubtful value.

In their hour of bereavement, her mother's sharpness of speech made Meg wince. It seemed so soon after the funeral to be thinking of the hard, matter-of-fact business of living. She herself was too absorbed and heart-broken in the reality of her loss to project her mind far in the future. There had been a strong bond of sympathy and understanding between the sturdy, bluff sea captain and his fair, upstanding, wholesome daughter. Meg thought with a sob in her throat that she could never adjust her mind to an acceptance of her loss.

She moved around the room in a quiet, abstracted manner, answering her mother's queries in a patient voice, ready at a moment's notice to wait on her merest whim. After a period of restless endeavor to put the room in order, Meg walked to the south window facing the harbor. The sight of the blue water and the Belle Isle floating on its bosom always heartened her and brought a gleam of quiet joy into her eyes.

"Do come here, Meg, and talk it over," her mother called irritably, and when the girl obediently [illegible] seat by her side, she added: "[illegible] going to be- [illegible] to live, and we come of us [illegible]othing."

"Mother, [illegible]ar, why do you worry?" Meg replied, brushing the waxen cheek with her lips. "I'll not let you suffer."

"But I want to know what you're going to do."

"I don't know yet, mother," Meg confessed, her eyes clouding. "But I know something will turn up. I'm strong and able to work. Other women work, and I can do my share. I think—I think I should have done something before——"

The invalid interrupted her with a vigorous shake of the head. "You could never do anything but fuss around the boats, sailing 'em and cleaning the decks, and spoiling your dresses painting 'em. It was no kind of work for a girl. Your father ought to have kept you at home, and not——"

"Mother, don't!" Meg implored. "I enjoyed it, and he let me do it because I loved the water. He was so good."

"Yes, yes," hastily admitted the invalid, "but that ain't going to support us. Now, Meg, how much d'you reckon his shares in the Belle Isle are worth?"

"I don't know, mother. They should be worth—I'll find out; but"—hesitatingly—"we can't sell them."

"Why not? I reckon if they'll keep us from starving we will. You ain't thinking of that old trouble with Captain Stone, be you, Meg?"

"No," slowly and hesitatingly, "but it is all father left us. She seems so like a part of him—the Belle Isle. She was more to him than anything else. He would never part with her so long as he could lift a hand."

"No, but it was all foolishness. He was afraid Captain Stone's son might get hold of her. I did hope he'd forget it after Captain Stone died. 'Tain't right to hold on to an old grudge like that and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children jest for the sake of spite. It's onchristian, Meg."

"It wasn't that, mother," Meg pleaded. "It was because he loved the schooner. He'd sailed her for twenty-five years, and she was like home to him. I don't think he had any grudge against Raymond Stone."

"Mebbe not! Mebbe not! But Raymond got his father's shares and he's clung mighty tight to 'em. Not that I blame him, but it was a thorn in your father's side. I ain't blamin' him, neither, but there ain't no occasion to hold onto them now."

"You would have me sell them?" asked Meg, her nostrils quivering. "Sell them now so soon after poor father's death?"

"We got to have money to live on, ain't we?" was the dogged answer. "And if Raymond wants 'em why not sell them to him? That is," shrewdly, "if he'll pay a good price for 'em?"

Meg was silent. She played nervously with the fringe of the blanket. The invalid watched her in silence. After a while she spoke gently.

"Perhaps you're right, mother. We must sell something to pay our bills, and we have nothing except our shares in the schooner."

"Don't you sell them at a loss," promptly added Mrs. Franklin, fearing now that she had won her point Meg would show lack of business shrewdness in disposing of the shares. "Raymond Stone may be all right, but he's the son of his father, and Captain Stone stole that paper from your father and kept it. A lot of good it did him, tho," she cackled, "not daring to use it."

"I don't have to sell the shares to Raymond, do I?" Meg asked, a frown gathering on her face.

"No, but he'd be the one most likely to want 'em. Who else would buy 'em?"

Meg hesitated. "I was thinking of Mr. Walton. He might——"

Mrs. Franklin, in spite of semi-invalidism, leaned forward hastily and clutched her daughter's hand.

"That's so. I hadn't thought of him. Yes, yes, go to him, Meg, and get him to buy. Anyway, that'll make Raymond bid high for 'em. I reckon he won't get 'em as cheap as he's figgering on."

"I don't know that Raymond is expecting to get them, mother," Meg said quietly. "He's got his store, and he won't want to go to sea."

"Humph! The Stones was sea captains far back as I can remember, and what's in the blood's sure to come out. Just give Raymond a chance and he'll snap it up. Your father knew that, and wouldn't sell another share just so he wouldn't lose control of the schooner."

"Did Raymond ever say anything about buying father's shares?"

"No, of course not, but we knew he wanted 'em—your father and me. We knew the Stones way back, and you didn't."

Meg walked to the window again and peered out. The shadows about the eyes were darker, giving the face a sad, melancholy expression. She stirred finally, and sighed.

"I'll see Mr. Walton, mother," she said. "Perhaps he'll loan us money on the shares. I—I'd rather not sell them outright—not just yet. I may get work later and pay back the loan. Then we'd still own the Belle Isle."

"Who'd run her? What good's a schooner if you ain't got no one in the family to captain her?"

"We could hire some one," Meg responded slowly. "There are plenty in Greenfield Haven who'd be glad to do it on shares."

"I reckon there are, but they couldn't none of 'em do it well's your poor father. I wish now we had a son—and——"

Meg bustled about the room so the end of the sentence was lost in the noise of moving disarranged furniture. A few moments later she disappeared in an adjoining room, and when she returned she had her hat and coat on.

"You going out?" piped up her mother.

"I'm going to see Mr. Walton, mother. I'll be back soon."

"Well, don't let him beat you down. He's worse'n anybody in Greenfield Haven for a bargain. I'm 'most afraid to let you see him alone."

"I'm not going to sell," Meg replied, with a weary smile. "I'm going to get a loan on the shares. They're good security, and I may be able to get the money at once. We need it right away."

"Yes, so we do. We need a lot of it. I wish it was this house instead of that schooner we owned. It would be worth more to us right now when we need a home."

Meg made no answer, but there was an expression of doubt in the blue eyes. She kissed her mother's pale cheeks affectionately, and patted the pillow and blankets in the chair to make her more comfortable.

Outside the cottage she hesitated a moment, while her eyes turned toward the schooner in the harbor. They blurred with tears, and a little sob caught in her throat.

"I can never sell her," she murmured under her breath. "Never! Never!"

Without another word she turned and walked swiftly toward the town, her eyes held resolutely from the waterfront and looking straight ahead.

CHAPTER II.

Greenfield Haven was sheltered from the sea by a projecting spit of land that wound around like a curving horseshoe, with wooded hills on one side and chalklike cliffs of sand and white clay on the other. In the center of this protecting curve the town nestled, sprawling backward as far as the hills, with its back yard a garden of roses and its forefront littered with the derelicts of the sea. The rotting ribs of many a brave boat were strewn on the sands, while more modern crafts lifted gently to the swell of the sea as they came and went with their cargoes of merchandise.

Greenfield Haven had seen better days. It had been a great whaling port, and in the high tide of its prosperity it had enriched its inhabitants and made the place known wherever swift keels sailed. The gradual ebb of the whaling industry had left the town struggling for a new foothold in the commerce of the day, but failing to readjust itself to the changing conditions, it had declined both in wealth and population. Its ambitious youths had deserted it to find their fortunes in other fields, and its older inhabitants had clung to it with the tenaciousness of barnacles clinging to rotting hulks. In the summer season people from the cities found romance and recreation in wandering thru the streets of the quaint old seaport or disporting on the sand dunes with the waves leaping at ther feet.

A few coasting ships and fishing smacks constituted all that remained of the noble fleet of whalers that had formerly made Greenfield Haven their home port. The commerce was not large, and it was so irregular that those who followed the sea had ample reasons for worrying about their incomes. Captain Franklin had been a relic of the old whaling days, and with his going the last link between the past and present had been severed. Most of the surviving residents had only second-hand knowledge of that period of maritime prosperity that had made Greenfield Haven an important seaport.

Enoch Walton represented the new order just as Captain Franklin was typical of the old. Shrewdly recognizing the approaching eclipse of the town's prosperity as a shipping port, he had early invested his money in landed property rather than in ships. He was an astute money-lender and mortgage-holder, and by the time the old skipper of the Belle Isle was broken down with rheumatism and paralysis, Enoch Walton had an interest in most of the town's valuable assets. Altho a man still in his forties, he was the virtual owner of more parcels of land than there were ships and fishing smacks in the haroor. In political ways, too, he had prospered, and had made himself an important factor in his town's history.

Broad-shouldered and large of frame, but inclined to flabby fatness, he was not unprepossessing except for certain oily manners and a habit of domineering those who came into business contact with him. And who of Greenfield Haven did not have business with Enoch Walton? There were mortgages to be renewed, money to borrow, interests to be paid, and business transactions of all kinds. Power had made him somewhat arrogant, and he was intolerant of opposition. So long as he was undisturbed in his business of gobbling up all that was worth while in Greenfield Haven, he was not an unpleasant townsman, altho some who had felt the pinch of his hands entertained a dislike that bordered upon hatred for him.

Meg, after leaving her home, made straight for Enoch Walton's office in one of the old buildings on the wharf that had at one time been the center of great shipping activity. She mounted the creaky stairs with beating heart and a face flushed as delicately as the petals of a rose.

"How do you do, Meg?" Walton greeted, advancing to meet her with extended hands. "Glad to see you, my girl. Take a seat. It's a poor place to receive ladies—dusty and moldy and all that. Wasn't always like this. Captain Franklin could tell you when this office was the finest in town. Lord! how things have changed since then!"

He swept a pile of papers and books from a chair and placed it near his desk for her. Meg nodded, but did not take the seat. She preferred to stand when she had work to do, and as she stood her attitude suggested the easy grace of one accustomed to the rolling deck of a ship.

"Mr. Walton," she said, in a steady voice, "I've come to see you about father's shares in the Belle Isle. You know he didn't leave much else for mother and me except his interest in the schooner?"

Walton nodded and looked not unkindly at the speaker. His small eyes seemed to go up and down her face, boring thru her, and making a careful appraisement of her strong, healthy personality. And Meg, standing there with parted lips and flushed cheeks, made a picture that one might well admire and love.

"The coasting business has been very poor for years, Meg," he said. "Captain Franklin was the last of the old-time skippers. Couldn't make him give up the sea and settle down on land. Born and bred in him."

"Yes, father loved the sea," Meg replied softly. "And I don't blame him—for I love it, too, Mr. Walton."

The man nodded and smiled. It was a bland smile, good-natured and apparently frank and open in its expression of friendliness. "You always were a little sea urchin, Meg," he said, chuckling. "I can remember you as a long-legged, tow-headed girl following your father down the beach and taking an oar whenever he'd let you. Born in you, wasn't it, this love for the sea?"

Meg looked a little embarrassed at this reference to the short-dress period of her past, but her confusion was only momentary.

"All the Franklins took to the water early," she answered, smiling so that her pretty teeth showed between the red lips. "I should have been a boy instead of a girl. Father always regretted that I wasn't."

"I don't agree with him, Meg. Greenfield Haven's got plenty of young fellows, but it's mighty shy on good-looking girls. And, Meg"—slowly and impressively—"if you were a sea urchin when I first knew you, you've grown into a mighty pretty sea mermaid now."

There was unmistakable admiration in the eyes regarding her as he delivered this compliment, and Meg bit her lip and turned her face from him. Seeing her confusion, Walton smiled and continued to study her with frank, open eyes. Angry at herself for showing embarrassment, Meg, after a while, met his gaze with calm, impersonal expression.

"Now that father's dead, Mr. Walton," she began, in a quiet, even voice, "something must be done about the Belle Isle. So long as he was alive he could make her pay, but——"

"I understand, Meg," Walton interrupted, starting from his reverie, "you want to sell her. She's a white elephant on your hands. Of course, it can be done. I'd thought of it myself—intended to speak to you about it. The schooner is old, pretty much worn out, and wouldn't bring much in the market."

"But I didn't want to sell her, Mr. Walton," Meg said, "not at present. I'd much rather keep her. Father sailed her for so many years that she seems like one of the family. I couldn't let her go just now."

"You don't want to sell her?" he asked, studying her with surprised eyes. "What did you want to do with her, Meg?"

"I—I thought I could raise a loan on her. Father owns more than half-interest in her, and his shares ought to be sufficient security to raise a small loan. Couldn't that be done?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. It's not very good security, as securities go today, Meg. These old schooners are out of date; they'll all go to the scrap heap soon. Steam vessels are crowding them off the seas. Can't make interest on the investments any longer. Competition too strong."

"Father always made a living out of the Belle Isle," replied Meg, with a little spirit.

"So he did! But Captain Franklin was an exceptional man. He was of the old school. No more of his type left in Greenfield Haven. Sorry to say it, Meg, but it's true. But"—looking up suddenly—"you'd better take my advice and sell. She'll never bring a better price than now. Every day she stands idle she'll grow older and worse."

Meg's former doubts assailed her. When she spoke her voice faltered a trifle. "I didn't intend to let her stand idle. I could engage some one as skipper to run her for me. The coasting trade is good, isn't it?"

"Fair—middling fair. But who'd you engage as captain?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought as far as that."

"Didn't think of engaging yourself, eh, Meg?" Walton remarked jocularly. "You'd make a pretty good captain if you were a man now."

"Perhaps I could do it, even tho I'm a woman," Meg answered, with a smile. "Captain Meg. That wouldn't sound so bad, would it?"

"No, but you couldn't find a mate who wouldn't fall in love with you on the first voyage out. Mates are human, like the rest of us."

"If he tried it, I'd put him in irons for mutiny," she retorted, and her eyes flashed as she said it.

Walton watched the snapping eyes and flushed cheeks. "I believe you would, Meg, but that wouldn't hurt so much as you think. There are worse things than being your prisoner."

A little offended by his reiterated compliments, Meg gathered up her things

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as if to depart. Walton was shrewd enough to see that he annoyed her.

"Well, Meg, if you want to hold on to the schooner out of sentiment, I'll try to make it easy for you. Turn over your father's shares to me and I'll get the money. If you get in a hole later, come to me. I won't let you suffer. Captain Franklin was an old friend of mine, and I'll look after his daughter. Don't let the matter worry you. Why, I'd buy the Belle Isle outright and give her to you as a present if you'd let me."

"I don't think that will be necessary, Mr. Walton," she answered, growing more uncomfortable under his direct gaze. "If I can't redeem the shares by paying back the loan, I'll have to let you take her."

Walton fumbled with some papers in his desk and mused in silence for a moment. "Young Raymond Stone has a part interest in the schooner, hasn't he?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes, his father left his shares to him. Captain Stone and father were partners at one time, you know, and they owned the Belle Isle between them. Then—then—that quarrel about the lost deed came up, and they were not so friendly."

Walton chuckled. "Rather mild way of expressing it, Meg. They couldn't walk the same street together without fighting. Funny how a little thing like a piece of paper can separate two friends. And so Captain Stone never sold out his shares in the schooner? Held them, I suppose, out of spite."

Meg nodded, looking miserable and worried.

"And young Raymond's playing the old man's trick hand? Wants to get the schooner himself. Why, Meg, he'd buy you out or sell you out in a minute to get possession. I'm mighty glad you came to me instead of him. He'd cheated and tricked you into selling so you'd lost everything."

Meg looked unconvinced, but she made no reply to his statements. Walton, still fumbling with his papers, added after a pause: "Raymond's not always on the square, I'm sorry to say. It's too bad, for he's a fine fellow otherwise. I hate to say mean things behind a man's back, but there are rumors, Meg, ugly rumors about his business methods. He's a little wild, and his trade is falling off. If he keeps on he'll have to leave Greenfield Haven."

Meg's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "I'd heard nothing against Raymond. I thought he was doing very well, and—what rumors have you heard, Mr. Walton?"

"Shoo, now, I've gone and done it! I didn't mean to prattle. I thought everybody had heard of it. Well, if you haven't I'm not the one to tell it. No, sir, I'll not be the one to blacken a man's character. Forget it, Meg, forget I ever hinted at anything about Raymond. There now, here's the money—take it all, Meg, and come back for more if you need it."

With a little glow of gratefulness for his prompt kindness, she took the money and tremulously placed a hand in one of his fat palms.

"I shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Walton," she stammered. "Mother and I will always be grateful."

Walton held the soft hand gently but firmly. Meg made an effort to release it, but desisted after a moment.

"Meg," he said, looking her squarely in the eyes, "you know this money will soon be gone. You can't live on a little capital forever, and when the schooner is gone you'll be up against it. You'll have to go to work then—or marry."

She nodded and tried again to release the imprisoned hand. "You'll marry, Meg," Walton continued. "A fine girl like you is bound to marry. Any man would like to have you. I would—young Raymond Stone would. Then why not take me, Meg? I could make you happy; you wouldn't have to work to support that invalid mother; I'd take care of you both. I'd buy the Belle Isle and give her to you for a plaything. You could keep it in the family as long as you lived. It would be a fine thing to do in memory of your father. Old Captain Franklin would be grateful to both of us for it. It would keep young Stone from ever laying desecrating hands on it."

Meg suddenly twisted her hand free from his clasp and stood panting before him. Walton surveyed her in silence a moment, and, reading some of her thoughts, shrugged his shoulders, and added blandly: "Think it over, Meg. I've startled you by the suddenness of it. Don't answer now. I can wait."

He rose from his seat and closed his desk. Meg stood a moment in bewildered silence. "Mr. Walton," she said, after a pause, "I'm sorry to hurt your feelings, but I can't—I never could. I don't intend to marry. I'm going to work."

"Work! Work, Meg? What can you do? Why, you're not fitted for anything."

Meg flushed and bit her lips angrily.

"I can learn something then," she retorted. With a tremulous laugh, she added, "You forget I can sail a boat as well as a man. You will admit that. If necessary, I'll go to sea. I'll appoint myself captain of the Belle Isle and sail her rather than confess I can't make a living at anything."

"Captain Meg, eh!" laughed Walton, good-naturedly. "Well, that sounds all right, but it wouldn't work—not in real life. There, I've startled you! I didn't mean to do that. Now, run along and think my proposal over. Come back any time, Meg. I'll be waiting for you. I generally have to wait for all things I get, but they come my way in time. It's a great virtue, this power of waiting, Meg, and it pays. Now, good morning, and don't forget I'm ready to marry you any day you name."

Meg was on the point of retorting that the day would never come; but she had reasons for gratitude to the man, and she merely smiled and bowed herself out of the office. The cool salt air fanned her hot, flushed cheeks, and she drew in a long, invigorating breath that sent the blood tingling thru her veins.

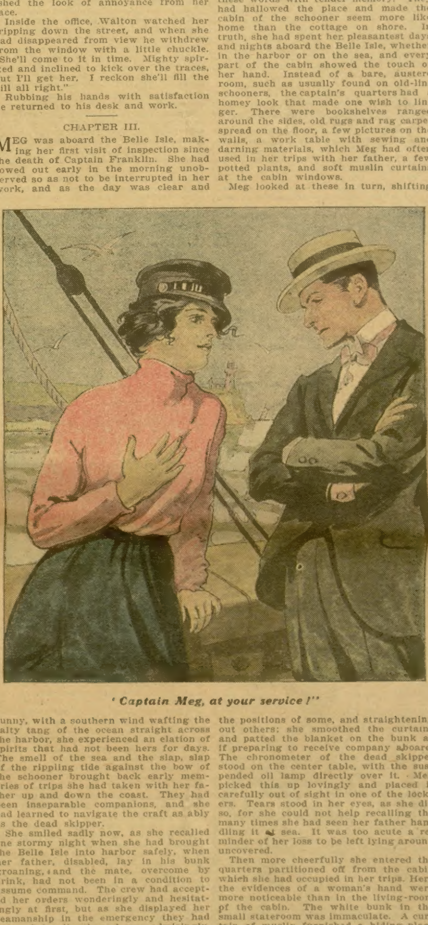
"How good it is to live here near the sea!" she murmured, and a smile banished the look of annoyance from her face.

Inside the office, Walton watched her tripping down the street, and when she had disappeared from view he withdrew from the window with a little chuckle. "She'll come to it in time. Mighty spirited and inclined to kick over the traces, but I'll get her. I reckon she'll fill the bill all right."

Rubbing his hands with satisfaction he returned to his desk and work.

CHAPTER III.

MEG was aboard the Belle Isle, making her first visit of inspection since the death of Captain Franklin. She had rowed out early in the morning unobserved so as not to be interrupted in her work, and as the day was clear and sunny, with a southern wind wafting the salty tang of the ocean straight across the harbor, she experienced an elation of spirits that had not been hers for days. The smell of the sea and the slap, slap of the rippling tide against the bow of the schooner brought back early memories of trips she had taken with her father up and down the coast. They had been inseparable companions, and she had learned to navigate the craft as ably as the dead skipper.



'Captain Meg, at your service!'

She smiled sadly now, as she recalled one stormy night when she had brought the Belle Isle into harbor safely, when her father, disabled, lay in his bunk groaning, and the mate, overcome by drink, had not been in a condition to assume command. The crew had accepted her orders wonderingly and hesitatingly at first, but as she displayed her seamanship in the emergency they had responded gallantly and even admiringly. She was the captain's daughter, and as such she was to be obeyed; but before the trip was ended their quick obedience was a tribute to her skill and worthiness rather than a mark of duty.

After that first experience as master of the schooner, Meg had often relieved her father in command. In late years, when the work of making a living with the schooner had grown more difficult, Meg had shipped as mate, thus saving the wages of that officer. She had stood her watch manfully, insisting upon doing the full duties of a mate, and in stormy weather, clad in a double-breasted reefer, she had earned her right to her title.

"You're as good a skipper as any of the Franklins, Meg," her father had warmly declared more than once, looking askance at the ruddy cheeks and blowing hair. "I guess it's born in you. Couldn't do better if you'd been a son of mine."

"Do you wish I had been a boy, father?" she had responded. "I could take your place then and run the schooner for you. It's a shame I was born——"

"There, girlie, don't say that," Captain Franklin had promptly interrupted. "I'd like a son, it's true; I don't deny it; every man wishes it. But, Meg, I wouldn't exchange my little girl for a dozen sons."

And as he folded her into his great arms and kissed the upturned face gently, Meg was satisfied!

Roaming about the decks or rummaging in the cabin below, she now recalled these words with tender memory. They had hallowed the place and made the cabin of the schooner seem more like home than the cottage on shore. In truth, she had spent her pleasantest days and nights aboard the Belle Isle, whether in the harbor or on the sea, and every part of the cabin showed the touch of her hand. Instead of a bare, austere room, such as usually found on old-line schooners, the captain's quarters had a homey look that made one wish to linger. There were bookshelves ranged around the sides, old rugs and rag carpet spread on the floor, a few pictures on the walls, a work table with sewing and darning materials, which Meg had often used in her trips with her father, a few potted plants, and soft muslin curtains at the cabin windows.

Meg looked at these in turn, shifting the positions of some, and straightening out others; she smoothed the curtains and patted the blanket on the bunk as if preparing to receive company aboard. The chronometer of the dead skipper stood on the center table, with the suspended oil lamp directly over it. Meg picked this up lovingly and placed it carefully out of sight in one of the lockers. Tears stood in her eyes, as she did so, for she could not help recalling the many times she had seen her father handling it at sea. It was too acute a reminder of her loss to be left lying around uncovered.

Then more cheerfully she entered the quarters partitioned off from the cabin which she had occupied in her trips. Here the evidences of a woman's hand were more noticeable than in the living-room of the cabin. The white bunk in the small stateroom was immaculate. A curtain of muslin furnished a hiding-place for her clothes, with a row of books driven into the bulkhead partition. A few choice books stood on a shelf in a corner, and silvered toilet articles of a serviceable nature were laid out on a small stand in front of an oval mirror.

Meg brightened up the room with a few touches, opened the window to admit the fresh air, and then sat down to rest and think. The schooner was a problem to her—a big, white elephant, as it were, on her hands. She could not rest idly in the harbor without eating deep into the capital which she represented. Every day would cut down the profits which had to be made to pay interest on the investment.

Meg wondered whether her sentiment for the schooner would not prove a costly possession. Her mother had advised her to sell outright her shares in the boat, and so had Enoch Walton. Perhaps they were right. She had no reason to try to hold on indefinitely—none other than that of sentiment. She could not hope to retain her claim on even a share of it unless she worked to make money to repay the loan to Enoch Walton.

Work! Work! What kind of work could she do? Who in Greenfield Haven would employ her to do anything that would pay! She frowned slightly, and the old worried wrinkles came into her forehead. The shadow under the blue eyes deepened.

A noise outside disturbed the unpleasant flow of her thoughts. It was not made by the lapping of the waves against the sides of the schooner, nor by the whipping of the wind thru the shrouds. Meg listened intently, and then rose abruptly from her seat. Some one was on deck walking toward the companionway.

Meg reached the foot of it just as a figure darkened the entrance and a face and head were thrust forward to peer down the semi-gloom.

"Hello, Meg!" shouted a voice. "I didn't know you were aboard! I thought the schooner was deserted, or I wouldn't have trespassed."

Meg, instead of inviting him down walked up the few steps to the deck. "I was looking things over, Raymond," she replied. "I haven't been aboard before since father's death." Her voice trembled a little as she spoke of her loss. "There's so much to do, I hardly know which end to begin."

"It's tough, Meg, and I'm sorry for you. I wish I could help."

He spoke simply and sincerely, and Meg accepted his sympathy in silence. She had known Raymond Stone since they were children. They had gone to school together, played on the shore as boy and girl, and sailed boats in the cove back of the bluff. The quarrel between their parents had not touched their early life, and tho later they had understood it and realized the intensity of the bitterness existing between the two sturdy old sea captains, they had not let it embitter them toward each other. Meg, out of loyalty to her father, had gradually withdrawn from the intimacy of earlier days, and as she grew older she saw less and less of Raymond.

Captain Stone's son had found other friends and interests, and as his old playmate showed an aloofness for his society that hurt at first, he, in time, had accepted it as a matter of course. He could never be welcome at Captain Franklin's home, and he would not meet his daughter clandestinely. Besides, he was not sure that Meg reciprocated his interest in her.

Standing before her now, noting the shadow of worry under her eyes, and the slightly dr[illegible] over the bridge of the nose and around [illegible], a sudden rush of sympathy overwhelmed all other feelings.

"Meg," he said, taking her hand, "this schooner is going to be a big burden and worry to you. I'm glad I own a part interest in her. It will make it easier for me to take her off your hands." He looked up at the tapering masts, and for a moment forgot the girl before him. "Do you know," he added thoughtfully, "I believe I've always had a sneaking desire to own her and be her captain? I reckon I've got some of the blood of the old sea dogs in me." He laughed good-naturedly. "I'm too restless to stay ashore; that accounts for a lot, I suppose."

He did not notice the hardening of the features of the girl before him, nor the glitter in the blue eyes. He continued, not looking closely at her. "I'll make her pay if any one can, Meg. There's plenty of cargoes along the coast waiting to be picked up, and I'll find them. With a little push and energy, I ought to make a good living in the coasting trade. But she ought to go into dry-dock first. She needs scraping and painting, doesn't she?"

"Perhaps, but I'm not going to have her pulled out just now," Meg answered slowly.

"There's no better time than now," Raymond replied. "She's not fit to go to sea in her present condition. Her bottom's all foul with weeds and barnacles."

"When I want her dry-docked I'll attend to it," Meg answered in a stiff voice that betrayed emotion. "Father didn't intend to dry-dock her until the end of the season."

"But your father was——" He stopped and added in a little embarrassment: "I'd like to see her fixed up before I sail in her. She's good for two knots an hour more with a clean bottom."

Meg turned on him with warmth. "Why do you speak of sailing in her, Raymond Stone? Your shares in her don't give you the right to appoint yourself captain. Did you come out here to take possession just because father is not here to protect me? I think I'm capable of looking after the schooner and appointing my own captain. I still own a majority of the shares in her."

"Why, yes, of course you do, Meg," stammered Raymond. "But you won't want to keep them, or if you do you won't hold them against me, will you, Meg? By all rights I should be her cap-

(Continued on Page 9.)

THE WAR SECRET

-:- Or, -:-

Beyond Frozen Seas

By E. W. Bateman

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CHAPTER VII.

FOR the next few days it seemed to Richard Kalmaik the world had served him ill indeed. He had not realized how much he cared for the girl whom he had brought into the hands of death itself, until he had learned from her own lips that she was lawfully wedded to another man. Under its bane life became a slow routine.

"Of all the things I could have imagined of her," he often thought, during the next few days, "this would be the last."

To Kalmaik, tho, it always had seemed that misfortunes never came singly. Fate had not planned he should spend a winter idly bound in the eternal ice of the far South seas, waiting for the jam of the winter ice packs to break.

It was nearing evening on the seventh day, when, clad in woolens and a great fur coat, Kalmaik was pacing the deck with Miss Philpott, getting a breath of fresh air. Both were enjoying the change from the rather warm salon, when the girl suddenly pointed to the hatchway over the cook's galley.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried, and Kalmaik whirled to see a tiny wisp of smoke shoot up, and then a little tongue of flame.

There was not a moment to lose. He hurried the girl to the cabin and dashed to the hatch and tore off the cover, letting out a blast of flame. The galley and storeroom were on fire!

His whistle sounded the general alarm and the crew piled upon the deck, headed by Gallagher. They were hard put for the moment, for there was no water with which to fight the fire. Gallagher solved the problem which threatened their very existence. "Get your buckets and fill them with snow!" he shouted, and grabbing an empty deck pail near by, he showed the way.

Snowdrifts packed hard upon the deck yielded to the lusty kicks of the crew, and in a moment the blazing galley was covered with flying snow. The fire could make no headway against it, but in the storeroom—holding the most precious things in all the world to the little crew—it proved to be stubborn. When finally there were only [illegible] portions of the galley withstanding the blaze gave way, and Kalmaik and his crew surveyed ruefully the terrible damage done.

"Fore God, Cap'n, I sho am sorry," said Rufe Johnson, at his elbow, shivering before the bite of the cold. "De fire must er been too hot when I leaves to make up de cabin beds. Dis is de worsest thing whut coulder happened." And he commenced, in the true negro fashion, to pick up little bits of stores which had been thrown out by the fire-fighters.

"Rufe, you didn't start this fire," said Gallagher, his face grim. "I'm going down in the hold now for the men who did it." He dived suddenly down the wrecked hatchway, and in a few moments he marched out ahead of him the captive engineer and his four men.

"You'll explain to Captain Kalmaik, you dogs!" he snarled at them, converted from a kindly American to a maddened savage whose life had been threatened. "You'll tell how you took a newspaper and slipped it under the storeroom door and fired it from your side, hoping you could burn down the door and surprise us." Triumphantly the first mate held up charred bits of newspaper. "You're the kind," and he swore at them bitterly, "who will slay twenty men to gain your end, even if your own destruction is in view. If I had my way I'd shoot you as you stand!" and he menaced them with his six-shooter.

The men with Lisenger quailed under the awful indictment and the ready death in the desperate mate's hand, but their leader did not move. Only his eyes, gleaming under blackened lids, showed that his spirit had never been conquered.

"The man is mad, stark mad, but I cannot let Gallagher shoot him," thought Kalmaik.

"Mr. Gallagher, we cannot afford to execute men on the high seas; it is piracy," he said coolly, and the mate saw the wisdom of his words and lowered his gun. "Send them back to their prison, and have them searched for matches and weapons this time. Then report to me."

While Gallagher was gone Kalmaik made a brief survey of the food supply. There was not more than enough to last them for four weeks, even with the most precious care. The canned meats were not badly damaged, but the bulk stores—on which they had put their dependence—had been a splendid fire nest into which the prisoners had shoved their lighted torch.

Then and there a desperate resolve came into the mind of the American. "By the God who made me, I shall not quit!" he swore. "To that girl I owe the last breath in my body." He sprang up the deck just as Gallagher saluted.

"Mr. Gallagher, I believe I am addressing a man who has had experience in Alaska when I speak to you," he said gravely.

"Four winters on Little Yukon and the Backwater country," answered the mate, simply, as if the naming of those sections was enough.

"We have only enough food for four weeks, at the best," Kalmaik continued, as if he hadn't heard. "Shall we sit here, eat it and die, or shall we strike out and look for game, and for one of those rare things in Antarctic sections—a native camp? Which shall we do?"

Gallagher walked up squarely in front of him and eyed him as man to man. "Kalmaik, I was a man back in my own country, and I want to say that the way you are thinking of that girl is the greatest thing a man could do. Will we sit down? I should say not! If for nothing else I want to drive those brutes over that ice field to their death, rather than let them lie here in a snug boat and rot. I'm with you, and the men will be. Shake, partner."

Like men binding a bargain they shook hands, and then Kalmaik went below. He knew he could not conceal the gravity of the situation, and he called Doctor Philpott and his daughter and told them all.

"Our hopes are not yet gone," he said. "We are going to take our bearings as best we can, and next spring—" he smiled rather bitterly—"next spring if we are alive, we will make our way back, and try again for the coast. As near as Gallagher can figure we are now but ten days' sail from the continent, and could make it under careful work. We are playing a desperate game, but we must."

With Doctor Philpott there was no hesitancy. "I am under your command, Captain," he said quietly. "On this march you plan, I hope you'll find me worthy of holding up my end. Only the girl——" his voice broke suddenly.

"Do not mind the girl," she said, with a smile which wrenched Kalmaik's heart. "She'll play the game—to the very end."

It was only two days later that a little caravan of twenty men, each wrapped in the warmest clothing the ship afforded, and all but five of them carrying rifles just taken from the ship's gunroom, plodded off. They were led by a strong man in whose eyes shone the unconquerable blaze of the men who have defied and conquered death. By his side, driving the prisoners whom he had sworn to punish, trotted another man of the same breed, small but wiry, and with that same fire in his eyes.

Crew and prisoners alike hauled a huge sled. On it were piled the stores saved from the fire, while on the rear, bundled in blankets and a huge fur robe taken from the salon floor, was a girl whose gloriously golden hair shone palely in the dull sun of the far South.

"I love my country," she was whispering softly to herself, her eyes fastened on the broad back of the man who broke the trail for all the rest. "I love it because it makes such men as these."

But her eyes were on only one.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHERE the Arctic cold is merciless but blustering, the bitterness of the Antarctic seas is insidious and patient, waiting for its victims to die of want, of disease, of exhaustion. The odds in the North are perhaps even, if the player reckons well. In the South there are no even bets. One hundred to one on the dead fields of white, and the slow, biting winds, is about right.

It was thru this maze of half-light, over seas frozen so long they were like the bones of dead men bleaching in the desert, Richard Kalmaik led his little band.

For the first seven days there was nothing to indicate a change. They had put one hundred miles between themselves and the boat and had accomplished nothing. Not one living thing in all that sea was ever seen by one of the crew. There were fires only for the teakettles, and the food dwindled faster than Kalmaik had ever dreamed.

They were striking almost due east from the ship, under the vague supposition that in that direction lay the South Pole, and between that and the continent there were a few settlements of natives which all Antarctic explorers had noted. How far they were wrong afterward deeply chagrined Gallagher.

Kalmaik and Gallagher held a brief council of war, at which the latter openly advocated leaving Lisenger and his companions to perish. They were five mouths to feed, he argued, with the primitive instinct of the first man coming back to him. "Either that, or the rifles of fifteen—" he had managed to say, when the big hand of his companion had stopped him.

"Not that, Joe Gallagher," said he, steadily, looking the little mate in the eye. And in that look Gallagher read again the story he had heard in the dead of the night a week before, as they stood watch over a girl sleeping on a sled.

So Lisenger lived, with his men, and they toiled on thru another week. Almost deliriously they had spurted, and Gallagher figured they had covered the enormous distance of one hundred and fifty miles in the seven days. He was plainly worried, as he and Kalmaik stood guard over the little camp as it lay resting after a drive of hours.

"It is the spurt of those unused to rigid weather," he told the leader. "They burn themselves out, drinking snow-water, and eating too much food. That, too, is a problem," he added. "We haven't enough for more than four days, at the rate it is going."

To Kalmaik it did seem the end was coming. No man had fired a shot since they left the ship. There was no bird or animal life on all the frozen seas they had covered.

"It seems we have only prolonged the death we all must die," he said soberly.

"We will go on to the last," said the little mate, doggedly.

The next day the predictions of Gallagher began to come true. Anderson, the second mate, showed signs of failing, then suddenly went limp and white in the snow.

"Leave me. I am ready to die," he mumbled, when Kalmaik bent over him.

"Burned out," was the brief comment of Gallagher. "Miss Philpott, can you make room for him on the sled?"

It was quickly done, for the amount of room on the rude vehicle made to carry food was pitiful. Slowly, lifelessly, the party moved along, with only three men showing no effects of the terrible journey. They were Kalmaik, Gallagher—and Lisenger. The huge German, pulling the sled-rope with the rest, swung along at the same pace he had maintained from the start. All the while he glared at the watchful Gallagher.

"You're going to die first," the little mate suddenly snapped out. "If I feel myself going, I'm going to kill you, you snake, just to give my own soul God-speed!"

Thru cracked lips the German had only smiled horribly in reply.

It was late that afternoon when Gallagher trotted to the side of Kalmaik and spoke quietly.

"I don't want to upset you, or any member of the party," he said, "but for the last half-hour the needle of my compass has been behaving very queerly. It does not respond to the influence of the magnetic center—the South Pole—of this division of the earth. To all intents, now, we have lost our way."

"Perhaps your compass is broken," replied Kalmaik.

"I thought that also," whispered the mate. "But I borrowed Anderson's, and his does no better. I tell you, there is some change."

That night, when they made camp, Kalmaik very carefully saw that Miss Philpott had full rations, tho every one else had been cut to half. He also tucked her in her blankets, for during the day the cold seemed to have been increasing steadily. To him, as she lay there in the murky light, she seemed some being of another earth rather than a creature of flesh and blood.

So suddenly that it disconcerted him, she grasped his right hand and held it closely to her face, and the rough woolen glove seemed to glow with the warmth of her.

"Somehow, I feel our luck is going to change," she said, and he thrilled with the way she accented "our." "I want it to happen so badly, and I have prayed, every night, so hard." A little sob broke out of her lips, as they brushed over his wrist, for the moment bared.

He dropped on his knees beside her.

"Little girl, if it does not change, I cannot let you go without telling you something," he whispered in her ear. "You know it, tho," he went on, as she smiled faintly. "Well, think of it and try to believe until the last that I was true to you, and that this was the work of our evil gods, and not my doing."

She nodded and slowly pressed her lips to his bare wrist again. Then she settled down with a sigh, and Kalmaik moved away.

At the edge of a circle of sleeping men, Gallagher met him, his face burning with a light such as Kalmaik had not seen there in more than a month.

"Gallagher, what has happened?" he queried sharply, his every nerve awake to the change which had come over his mate.

"Come," whispered the other. "Come quickly."

"You know how the compass has been acting all day," he went on in an excited tone, as they drew slightly away from the camp. "Tonight, as I drew away from the camp looking for a bit of loose snow for my kettle——"

He paused a moment, as he followed his own trail in the weird half-light of the polar nightfall.

"There!" he almost shouted, pounding Kalmaik on the back. "Look at that, man, look at that!"

Kalmaik looked, and saw two huge depressions on the snow, of a nature such as he had never seen before. He compared them with his own tracks, and saw that it had taken considerable force to make such an impression on the hardened crust. Beyond the first two he saw a jumble of others.

"Well, what of it?" he asked, mildly curious.

"What of it? What of it?" roared the mate, dancing about. "Don't you know, man, that spirits never made those dents? That is a trail of some huge animal, such as you and I have never seen before! What does that mean? Somewhere, down beneath this infernal coat of ice, is land, real land. That is the track of a land animal, or I never saw the trail of a web-footed bird or beast!"

"Gallagher, what are you saying?" Kalmaik asked, feeling weak and faint suddenly.

"Just this," the other answered. "As soon as we can break camp, after a brief rest, we are going to leave Doctor Philpott in command and take this trail as fast as ever we can. Man, do you know what this means? It is the first sign of life in all this waste! At the end of it lies more life, of a kind, perhaps, which we never saw before, but still it lives and moves. It is the slender thread now which binds us to existence."

CHAPTER IX.

NEITHER Kalmaik nor Gallagher slept while the rest of the men were buried in their blankets. They sat and talked in excited whispers over the finding of the trail, and where it might lead them.

"We must see, before we start in the morning," Gallagher said, "that every rifle is in working order and every man ready to shoot straight. I have never seen such an animal as made that track; of that I'm sure. We must be prepared to down him on sight."

With the leaders ahead breaking the trail over the path of the huge animal of the land beneath them, the party soon was under way again. There was a new swing in the stride of each man, and the face of the girl on the sled was transformed.

"I knew our luck was bound to change," she said to Kalmaik, that morning just before the start.

Kalmaik and Gallagher soon were leading the party by a good mile and were traveling rapidly. They followed the trail carefully, and occasionally halted to let the sled catch up with them. During the morning the spurt must have carried them fifteen miles, Kalmaik thought, when they halted for tea at noon, and bits of canned meat. However, the fire was small, and the meal meager, for their supply of kindling wood, carefully conserved to melt snow and make tea, had dwindled to a bare two days' supply.

The cold Antarctic sun was hidden by clouds when the party again forged ahead, and it was almost dark—an unreal, bluish murk which threatened to sink the spirit of the crew. They were able to travel on a straight line only thru the scout experience of Gallagher and the science of Doctor Philpott.

At noon Kalmaik called Gallagher and the scientist in conference.

"We meet for the last time, my friends," he said. "I have just gone over the food once more, and I cannot make it last twenty mouths more than twenty-four hours. We can build three more fires to make tea, then we can burn the sled. After that——" he didn't finish.

Both the men were silent for a moment. Then Gallagher spoke.

"Shall we go on until that time?" he asked.

Kalmaik never answered. There was a wild shriek from the girl, a babel of confused cries from the men, and the three turned—to see bearing down upon the camp such a monster as none of them had ever dreamed of!

The great beast was running toward

them in a wild charge, and Gallagher in an instant sensed the danger.

"Fire at his head! At his head!" he shouted above the confusion, and opened the way. His high-powered rifle spoke with a vicious crack, and Kalmaik followed suit. In the huge head, with its gleaming fangs and dripping jaws, Kalmaik could see two great eyes, seeming ready to pop out. With all the skill of his years of big game shooting he poured bullet after bullet at the eyes of the monster.

Gun after gun cracked out its challenge, but Kalmaik could see no halt in the terrible creature's charge until a soft-nosed bullet from his .25-30 gun splashed squarely in the eye at which he aimed. With a roar which echoed terribly over the plain, the great mammal—for such it was—plunged on a few steps, toppled, and then fell, with a thud like the dropping of stone in a hole.

"Good God, it is horrible!" cried Doctor Philpott, as they dashed up to the creature just out of reach of its lashing legs.

They saw before them, stretched upon the snow, a great, fur-covered beast, with a huge head shaped like nothing so much as a saber-toothed tiger enlarged four-fold. Its great tusks gleamed like knives. The body was thick and short but the legs were long and mighty. It was so huge, so grotesque, that each in his turn shuddered as they looked, except for the little Gallagher.

"Look at his mouth, men, look at his mouth!" he shouted. "It has fresh blood and bits of fur, clinging to the tusks. This big brute was out hunting and he made his kill. It means life! Life to us all, for we have found a new land. Things live in it, and we shall live!"

Instantly there rang out over the fallen mammal a rousing cheer.

CHAPTER X.

FOR the rest of that day the party was in a quiver. They could plainly tell that the country thru which they passed was changing, not gradually, but very perceptibly.

"Tell me, please," the girl asked Kalmaik once during the late afternoon, "is it my imagination, or is it warmer? It seems to me that I can feel the difference since morning.

"I believe you are right," he replied, and questioned each man in turn. They all declared they could feel the difference plainly.

Just before the camp a wonderful thing for the party happened, thanks to the rifle of Gallagher, who was scouting with Kalmaik.

The two were making their way over a rather prominent rise of ground—for they had become frequent—when suddenly the mate threw his gun to his shoulder and fired. About one hundred yards away Kalmaik saw a rather small animal spring into the air and fall to the ground. Both he and Gallagher made their way as rapidly as they could to the spot.

They saw the thing Gallagher had shot was another strange denizen of that strange land they were entering. It was of the general appearance of the marsupial family, with rather large ears and great, thick hind legs.

"This is an enlarged edition of a jack rabbit, or I never saw one," Gallagher said, with a smile, when he picked him up. "The thing must weigh forty pounds."

Doctor Philpott and the others of the party drew up abreast, and speculation was rife until the scientist gave the animal a careful survey. Then he pulled off his cap and solemnly addressed them all.

"I want to say to you, gentlemen, what has been in my mind all day long," he began. "I cannot be sure, even now, but I am inclined to think that we have discovered a new land, indeed. These animals we have killed prove that there is life here, and the first one—that huge brute Captain Kalmaik slew—is of the mammal type extinct in North and South America for countless centuries.

"Right now we are on the edge of the habitat of this animal life. I have been able to perceive with you all a change in the temperatures, and I have positive proof in the thermometer I fortunately brought along. We are now more than three hundred and fifty miles from the ship, and it was a tremendous distance from the continent. We are without the bounds of scientific speculation in regard to the least explored of all vast tracts—the Antarctic regions. From this time on we must be guided by facts alone, just as we meet them."

There was a great deal of buzz following this speech, and it was Rufe Johnson, the commissioner of commissary, who broke the chain of scientific discussion.

"Whut I wants to know, Doctor," he said, with a doleful grunt, "is dis here club-footed beas' fitten ter eat. Cap'n, he done cut me down so much, I 'spects all I gits ternight fer dinner gwine be er toothpick."

"I certainly believe any rabbit would be good to eat, Rufe," Doctor Philpott replied, with a hearty laugh. "That is what the club-foot really is in our own classification."

"Hare, boss, hare? Gimme dat rascal en I fixes him!" Rufe had come into his own at last. That night he treated the crowd to thick steaks of dark red meat, cooked thoroly over the small fire. There was a peculiar taste which all of them noted, but Doctor Philpott sampled it and declared he believed it to be harmless.

The next day Kalmaik and Gallagher, far ahead, as they cleared the top of one of the highest ridges which marked the new country, encountered a veritable mountain range. It was massive and squat, but it certainly had no aspects of an ice mound or a simple ridge. It was too high, too rugged and extended.

Doctor Philpott surveyed it with interest. "Gentlemen, on the other side of that range we are going to find a deeper valley than we now expect," he said. "We are going to find loose snow, harder going, perhaps the signs of vegetation I have longed to find, and prove that this is really a new land over which we travel."

They attacked the ascent with vim, for every man in the party was greatly refreshed with the change of the diet.

Kalmaik and Gallagher, as was expected of them as scouts, reached the top of the range first. They were greeted by a wonderful sight.

Below, as the scientist had predicted, lay a great valley, which seemed to have been made when the earth was in the very throes of birth. It was cut and crisscrossed by great gorges, seemingly impassable chasms. Far across, so far in fact that it seemed impossible ever to reach it, was the outer wall of the valley, a tremendous mountain range such as no man in the party had ever seen before. Over all lay that chill mantle of the farthest South—ice and snow and silence.

It was tremendously depressing, and Doctor Philpott was similarly affected for a moment. Then he cheered up.

"I was quite foolish, gentlemen, to hope for what I did under the conditions existing," he said, and they all listened, for this time he seemed sure of his ground. "I might have known the temperatures could not vary enough in the distance we had come to permit vegetable life, no matter what the topography of the land. However, I know now what all this means. We have discovered a land which has lived thru ages so countless we cannot imagine it. That valley proves it. If we can survive to reach that mountain range and scale it, on the other side we are going to see things more wonderful than it has ever been given mortals to see before."

His words seemed like a promise, and bravely, with Kalmaik and Gallagher leading the way, they set out across the great valley which separated them from the greatest of all tasks—the ascent of the greatest mountain range they had ever seen.

They struggled thru mountainous drifts, and crossed perilous chasms which made them shudder as they looked down. Often they skimmed great gorges by going a mile or more out of their way. They were descending into the floor of the valley, and making good headway, tho; therefore their spirits returned.

Finally they came to a halt, and with their hand-axes they attacked the big sled on which Miss Philpott had ridden on the tremendous journey. They had to have wood, and it was the only thing in all the waste which would burn. The girl gave up the comfort without quailing.

"I only hope I will not slow down the march," she said bravely, and Kalmaik shyly pressed her arm in commendation as he passed her.

He and Gallagher decided to patrol the camp that night, and it was well they did. It was on Kalmaik's watch, when he was making a turn around the camp, that he saw several objects driving swiftly toward them. They were coming at tremendous speed, and Kalmaik instantly set his rifle sight for two hundred yards and waited for them to reach the range. Then he poured a stream of bullets at what seemed a pack of great wolves, beasts of the strange valley hunting in pack for their prey.

In answer to his vicious reception the animals set up a great howling, and instantly the camp was in an uproar. The men sprang to the aid of Kalmaik with their rifles, and a regular skirmish fire of fifteen guns sent the pack in hasty retreat from the direction they had come, leaving two of their number lying on the snow. With great curiosity the men all rushed up to observe the new kill.

"These wolves, for they prove to be that, are truer to the animal type we know than any of the three we have seen," Doctor Philpott said, with a smile, after he had seen the others were waiting for him to speak. "I am more than ever convinced that around that mountain range, and on the other side, lies something so new and strange that our minds shall be at a loss to grasp it.

"This is another convincing fact. These animals we have killed are all the hunters or the hunted, and all three types are indicated to be able to travel at a great rate of speed, with great endurance. This animal here—" he poked a great gray body with his foot—"is less that way than the mammal we killed the first day. That is the true type, perhaps, of the outer habitat, and very scarce. This draws closer to the land we shall ultimately reach." Kalmaik smiled now at the way every one overlooked any chance at failure.

There was little sleep after the visit of the wolves, and four sentries guarded the little camp instead of one. Early and eagerly they took to the trail again.

CHAPTER XI.

"KALMAIK! Kalmaik! Ahoy below, my lad!" It was the voice of Gallagher, shouting from the first shelf of the great mountain range. Below him, several hundred feet, was the rest of the party. He had explored the start of the ascent alone.

A week had reeled by, and the little party had made its way across the valley. Thru dangers galore they had fought their way, harassed by great animals which seemed to range the valley as swiftly and terribly as the biting winds. Only their rifles and a plentiful supply of ammunition, which had been always a part of the Virginia's stores on a long voyage, cleared the way for them.

Facing the greatest trial of all, Kalmaik looked over his men. They showed the effects plainly of their terrible trip, for some of them had never seen great cold and there had been no Arctic equipment at all—simply the warm and heavy clothing of the deep-water seaman, reinforced with every conceivable makeshift in each kit, and in the yacht furnishings. It had been stripped of fur rugs, tapestries, the bunks of blankets. They were a haggard and nondescript crew. Of all the others perhaps, Kalmaik pitied the prisoners most. They looked worn and haggard, except for Lisenger; he, seeing in silence the great tasks before them, had not rebelled for a moment in taking the most dangerous work upon himself.

"Men, we are going to try to cross that mountain, and be prepared for the unexpected on the other side," Kalmaik said. "We have reached the greatest barrier of them all, and I hope none of you want to quit here." He waited and they shook their heads. "Then follow me," he said simply, and grasping Miss Philpott by the arm, he began the ascent.

Upward, upward they fought their way, the wiry little Gallagher leading. He seemed like a cat, clinging to the side of great ice packs, dodging mighty snowdrifts, watching every moment to see that nothing started an avalanche which would end their chances in a white sweep of death.

Each face took on a worn and desperate look as the climbing became steeper, and the sled-rope, with a handhold room for each, was brought into play. Yet the pace did not slacken. The

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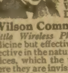

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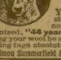

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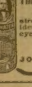

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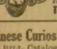

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mate, climbing ahead with an instinct seemingly superhuman, was taking them almost straight up to what seemed a narrow pass, or break, between the two monster peaks which made the only change in the great range.

Just how they reached the pinnacle they sought Kalmaik never knew. Yet reach it they did, and from a height so great that the blood seemed ready to burst from their ears and nostrils, they took in the situation. Kalmaik's heart suddenly went weak when he saw a tiny stream of red start from the nose of the girl beside him. "It is nothing," she whispered in his ear, but he knew well it was.

"That pass is a natural one, between those two peaks, and about two miles away," said Gallagher. "Between them is our best, and perhaps our only chance to cross the range."

There was no urging and no breath to spend for it. Each member of the party felt Death clutching at his soul as he battled to breathe in the cold, thin air which whistled ghostlike thru the crags.

With the girl bending almost over his right arm, Kalmaik fought his way behind Gallagher with every ounce of his strength being called to meet the last drain. He knew, and all the men behind him knew, it was their last desperate turn of all the high game they had played.

Slowly they fought their way toward the great gorge, its opening being hidden by a high bank of snow. Gallagher turned this first, and his face blanched and he dropped upon his knees, speechless.

In an instant Kalmaik was by his side, and saw the sight which had sent the little mate down before it.

There, blocking the gorge solidly, with a great gate of wooden logs was a rude fort, such as the cavemen of prehistoric ages might have built to protect their mountain passes!

"Great God!" cried Kalmaik, and he lifted Gallagher up. Supporting the girl between them, they cautiously approached the great gateway, looking every moment for some surprising move.

Suddenly, out swung the gate, and from it poured, with a savage yell, a hundred swarthy warriors, fur-clad and armed with rude spears and heavy clubs.

Kalmaik's mind worked like a whiplash under the terrible strain. He aimed his rifle upon the leader of the clan, a great man with a club of stone in his hand. It was too much like murder to shoot at him to kill, so the rifle cracked only to send the leader down in the snow with a terrible cry of surprise, a bullet in his leg.

It produced the effect for which he had prayed. If the sky above had opened, the savage attacking party could not have been more surprised. With a yell of terror, they threw themselves on their faces, none of them daring to move as Kalmaik and Gallagher drew nearer. Only they watched, with eyes fascinated, the slender things of iron in the hands of the two, which had hurled their leader helpless before them.

Speechless himself from the tense scene, Gallagher could only motion them to rise. They obeyed, and then one of them stepped out from the ranks. He spoke quickly, with the guttural burr of a beast growling. Never in all his years of travel had Kalmaik heard such sounds from a being, but Gallagher, his face transformed, turned it to the sky.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, I thank Thee!" he prayed, as Kalmaik and the girl marveled. Then he turned to them with a great cry, which sent the savages on their faces again, moaning in their fear.

"Kalmaik, oh, Kalmaik, the God of our fortunes stayed with us to the last!" he said, tears streaming down his face. "It was his gift that sent me to the desert twelve years ago to learn the ways of the oldest tribe of Indians in the world. Man, will you believe it? These poor devils speak the Hopi tongue, and I can talk to them!"

To prove it, he spat out to the worshiping savages a swift roar of the gutturals which had so puzzled Kalmaik a moment before. His hearers moaned, and then there was a great shout of delight. They sprang to their feet, and executed quite suddenly a war dance which sent the girl within the shelter of Kalmaik's arm.

"They wanted to know if we were strange gods who had come across the Great White Ring to save them, and I admitted it," grinned Gallagher.

This remarkable story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

POWER OF PURPOSE.

"Nonsense!" said Jimmy's mother, as that young man reluctantly departed for school. "Of course, you are going to pass the arithmetic examination! Anybody can do anything he determines to do—remember that!"

"Well," remarked the father of the family after the door had been safely shut upon his son. "I should think you would be ashamed of yourself! Telling regular fairy stories about the possibilities of determination to an innocent child! Haven't you a heart, woman?"

"Why, it's the absolute truth!" declared Jimmy's mother, indignantly. "I've heard you say the very same thing——"

"I should say not!" cried the father of the family. "Not after having had the example of Joshua Applebrush in the days of my youth! I worked in his office when I first came to Chicago, and it was like getting one's training under a human rhinoceros propelled by a locomotive.

"Joshua was force personified. He was not old, but he scared us just as much as tho he had years behind him—he was that kind. If Joshua had told one of us to go out and pick up the postoffice and bring it around to the back door, it never would have occurred to us to wonder whether or not we could do it—it was a foregone fact that we would have to do it.

"He converted the impossible into the ordinary and herculean tasks into a mere trifle. His mission in life was to make you exercise all the pep that was in you and acquire an extra supply in the bargain. So you can see how exasperating it was for him when the agency sent him Miss Grobank for his stenographer.

"She was one of these lithe, graceful creatures with long lashes and lily hands and a way of melting around the place instead of walking like other people. And she was late always. Oddly enough, she never had learned to tell time, and had the air of everlastingly saying, 'Oh, what's a half-hour or so, so long as you're happy?'

"When she came in the second morning after Joshua had waited thirty-five minutes to dictate his letters we expected him to fire her before she got her hat off. He gave her one look, and then exploded and roared, incidentally giving her a complete tho brief and picturesque lecture on the proper habits and duties of stenographers. When he got thru he was purple and gasping for breath, but Miss Grobank was not dissolved in tears. She continued to look cool and lilylike and mildly interested.

"I believe she was fifteen minutes late returning from lunch that very same day, and thereafter the story of her business life was of a sickening monotony. If she had ever been on time the shock would have broken up the office force. Joshua pounded his desk and talked himself hoarse and finally asserted that he'd break Miss Grobank of her silly, ridiculous habit if it was his last effort on earth.

"He told her that he would be ashamed to let any one within gunshot of his influence persist in such a wasteful, wicked habit. He was going to reform her. Miss Grobank said it was very nice of him and she appreciated it—and it was an hour the next morning. She explained the street cars had been blocked.

"Joshua Applebrush became so grim in his determination to reform Miss Grobank that he actually neglected other affairs. He made her get an alarm clock and lectured her on strength of mind and will power, and said that any girl who couldn't get up brisk and early mornings had a horrible future before her.

"'What,' he demanded, scowling, 'what did she expect to do when she got married and had a home and husband and meals on her hands?' Miss Grobank only smiled leisurely at that, and said she supposed those things would sort of adjust themselves. Joshua used up a whole noon hour painting the woes of that home and the sorrows of the man who dared to marry her—and she was twenty minutes late getting back when she did go out.

"She always listened so attentively to him and was so sweetly apologetic that a wooden Indian would have had hopes of making an impression. It really got on Joshua's nerves—never before had he been unable to make things move in the direction he intended them to go. I guess that this was the principal reason he finally married Miss Grobank—he was so determined to conquer that habit of hers, and thought that as her husband he would have the foolish, leisurely creature quite under his control. We all said he'd either make her learn to be on time or slay her in the process, and we felt quite sorry for her—she was the kind you do feel sorry for so easily, what with her eyelashes and white hands."

"Well, did he?"

"Not so you'd notice it," said the father of the family. "Before she got thru with that poor dub he was carrying her breakfast in to her on a tray before he hustled to the office mornings, and he was waiting till all hours for his dinner because she was out somewhere or had forgotten to order the groceries on time. And he seemed grateful for the privilege."

"Well, it served him right!" declared Jimmy's mother. "He needed a little change!"

* * *

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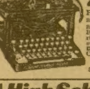

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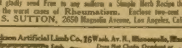
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CHAPTER XI.

"THAT beast of the frozen track is besieging our women," I shouted to Frank. "He's insane. He'll kill them before we can give help," I groaned in despair.

"Stay at the 'phone and advise Eve," Frank yelled back from the door. "With that high-powered runabout I'll make it in a jump. And I'll drive better alone. Tell them I'll be there in forty minutes."

He was back of the wheel and off like an arrow. Again I sprang to the 'phone, thankful that the wires carried my message, and spoke to Eve.

"Frank is going to you at top speed," I told her. "He'll be there shortly. Hold off the fiend with that revolver in Frank's room. If forced to extremes kill him."

"Impossible," said my wife's clear voice. "There must be some other way, altho the man has a gun. Has been killing our wild birds. I heard the report near by and was warned. When he came in sight Sibyl recognized him as the submarine captain she named Kelly. He looked wild and filthy. Sibyl fainted. I have her and the babes in that far room next the bath. I'm using the 'phone in Sibyl's dressing-room. We can barricade three consecutive doors, and Kelly is still prowling thru the lower rooms after breaking in. I hear him in the kitchen. Wait till I move bureau and couch against this door."

Half-mad with apprehension I waited. What if Frank had engine trouble or a blowout? The tires were weakened by age. The engine, however excellent, had lain idle. I noted that Frank strained the oil thru chamois skin when he prepared the car for our use, but still the gasoline had stood for months and water had been precipitated. Would it give out energy for that awful drive?

With the receiver of the telephone to my ear and my watch marking the minutes I followed Frank's probable progress. Fortunately the road was cleared of impediments, and dry weather had made it brick-hard thru the swamp, while little travel had prevented sandy roads being cut. As for Frank himself, he was a wizard at coaxing speed from any car ever built. By the minutes that had elapsed I knew he was five, then seven, then ten miles on the back track. My body tensed with fear. What was happening at Morningstar? Why was Eve silent? As if in answer my girl clicked down the receiver and I heard her voice.

"The man is eating," she told me. "I hear the rattling of dishes."

"Thank Heaven! That will delay him from violence," I 'phoned her. "Now, sweetheart, retreat to the last room and wedge furniture so that it levers against the opposite wall."

"The maniac's coming up the back stairs," said Eve's excited tones.

"For my sake and babe's be brave," I implored. "Frank's halfway there, and nothing must happen to Sibyl and the boy. Darling, hold out the other minutes. Go now and barricade—quick!"

* * *

"He's pounding the panels!" cried Eve. "He knows we're here!"

She was off, leaving the receiver off the hook. I could hear a raucous shout, a faint rumbling. My mind followed Frank. I cursed myself for not going along in case of flat tires. My face was bedewed by drops of agony. Powerless, I counted out the awful minutes. My benumbed hand held the instrument to my straining ear. I could hear rasping, pounding, the splitting of oak, the whirring strike of Sibyl's dressing-room clock. The hour was two. I glanced at my watch. Frank had been driving twenty minutes. Five minutes dragged by while I listened to significant sounds. Sibyl screamed. My heart pounded with fright, then seemed to pause in its beats. Despairingly I began to call the insane man's name.

"Mike!" I shouted. "Mike Kelly! Mike Kelly! Mike Kelly!"

I could not have named my purpose. It was an impulse. But the unhooked receiver brought him to the 'phone. I could distinguish his movement, his wheezing breath.

"Is that you, Kelly?" I demanded. An idea was inspiring me to work a miracle.

"Who else would I be?" asked the raucous tones. "There ain't no more Kellys."

"Then," said I, "I have something to tell you. You know the Palace saloon——"

"Never mind the Palace," Kelly told me, with oaths. "I've no time for chinning. Me, I'm lord of the earth and its saloons and I'm getting rid of these humans. I'm fixing to save whisky. Nobody's to share it or waste it. It might give out."

Frantically I cut in and urged him to come where his beloved beverage flowed free. I described amber liquids with beaded foam, wine sparkling in cups, champagne glinting in thin glass. His greedy ear was glued to the receiver far away, while I held him enthralled by telling of rare liquors and dream-wonder drugs.

"Let up, d—n you!" Kelly finally cut in. "You're hindering, and I'm busy. I've work to finish. When it's done I'll try them fancy wines, but first I'll fix you. You're butting in. You're drinking up what's mine. I——"

There came the sound of an ax on thin panels. My eyes must have bulged. Again Sibyl shrieked. The door crashed down. Sounds were farther away. My whole body was one aching mass of fear. Then I heard Frank's shout, a shot quickly echoed by another. Silence for a time. Then Frank's "hello" at the 'phone.

"It's all over, Ward," he informed me. "Came in the nick of time. Not a second to spare. It's Mike Kelly sure enough. Crazed by drink and out after everything alive. Been potting your wild birds, the old devil! I got him by winging his trigger hand. Come on with the car you used before, and meet me at Waverly, where I'll escort Kelly. We'll chuck him in jail."

"I'll be there," I managed to say, but I was nerveless and my head whirling after my terrible ordeal.

"Jail! At Waverly!" Our little community was to include an institution for insane, criminal insane. Involuntarily I regretted that Frank had not shot to kill. But I started for the appointment at a pace that rivaled his late exploit, and reached the town soon after our self-appointed sheriff had his prisoner behind the bars.

"He's sane enough now, blast him!" was Frank's greeting. "Held him under the jail pump till he sobered."

He would have led the way to Kelly, but I grasped his hand and poured out gratitude for his timely action, his nervy rescue of my all on earth.

"You're the sufferer," he assured me. "My anxiety had a vent. I nursed that old roadster along like it had ears and a heart. Went like a shot. Did the miles in thirty-seven minutes, and got there just as Kelly battered down the last door. Close shave!"

Inside the town lockup I confronted a middle-aged man whose seafaring visage was provided with a long nose and upper lip and red-rimmed gray eyes. At the moment I could have shot him down like a mad dog.

"Do it, your nibs," he advised, reading my thought. He laughed horribly, revealing tobacco-stained teeth. "Haven't the nerve," he taunted. "I know your kind—salt of the earth and all that. So, Mr. Lot, you furnish me a pack o' cards to pass time when I'm sober and enough of the heavenly juice to drink myself to death, and I'm satisfied. Sure as a bullet and more interesting. Give me plenty."

"If Doctor Ward prescribes liquor," cut in Frank, "you'll get it; otherwise you won't. Myself, I think you better

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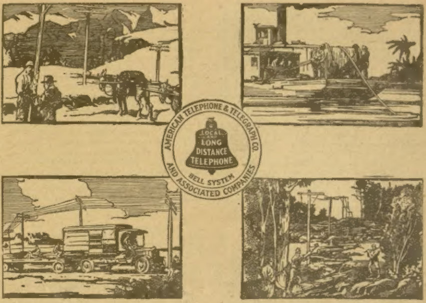
You are further warned that cutting at a corn is a suicidal habit.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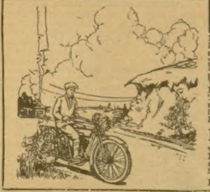

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In the picture are hidden a number of faces. How many can you find? Some are looking right at you, others show only the side of the face—you'll find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, clip out picture, send to us with name and address NOW. We will give away a $310 1917 Model Harley-Davidson Motorcycle, as First Grand Prize, and Thousands of Dollars in Cash Rewards, Prizes and Special Premiums. There will be no losers. Solve the puzzle. If you can find as many as FIVE FACES we will send you immediately 1000 Free Votes toward the $310.00 Motorcycle and other Grand Prizes. We will also give away twelve 1917 model Coaster Brake $40.00 Bicycles. These will be given free and extra, regardless of who gets the motorcycle. Someone will win motorcycle. WHY NOT YOU!

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I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem FREE. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

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be used as the foundation of a prohibition party."

Without committing myself to any wet or dry policy, I dressed Kelly's gun hand, then left Frank to provision him while I raced my car to Eve and my daughter.

"After all we were only frightened, dearest," declared Eve.

Her beautiful face was still ivory-white. She held Diantha closely as if she feared something might wrest her from her arms; but her deep blue eyes were love-lighted, and when I clasped both wife and babe my girl gave way to sobbing. It was reaction after fright. Sibyl was even more unnerved. I gave her an opiate. Soothing drugs assisted her to normal composure. By the time Frank joined us she railed at him for heartless neglect. She blamed him for not anticipating Kelly's onslaught. Lastly, she declined to remain at Morningstar, where she had been terrified by a madman.

"I'd fancy him in every corner," she vowed. "I'd think of him nights. We'll go."

This abrupt change was impossible. The Parkland business was unfinished, so we compromised by taking the women and children with us to the city. Eve was to drive back in our car, while Frank and I managed the loaded trucks. The plan was so praiseworthy I marveled that it was not adopted at first. It permitted Sibyl to gratify her exacting taste in person, while Eve selected coveted things for Morningstar.

"I'm so glad to keep the dear rooms," she whispered. "And I'd long for the majesty of the big lake."

It was late November when we finally settled the Cadwells at the place Frank named Vespertide. Everything was in place, the furnace fire was burning, and a generous supply of Eve's baked goods filled the pantry. But at the last Sibyl wavered, grew angry, stormed. What once attracted her childish eyes had lost its magic.

"Your turning us out is infamous," she accused. "I can't get on without servants, and Frank knows it. It was his business to arrange for service. And since he didn't, it's up to him to look after himself."

She might have added it was up to him to look after her and Wally and the house, besides helping me to prepare for winter and care for our prisoner. Abhorrent as the task might be, we scrubbed up the inebriate, who wished to swallow the world's abandoned liquors, and steamed the poison from his system. Much to his disgust his glass of toddy was reduced to the vanishing point, and books, with unlimited tobacco, became the substitute. Of course he attempted escape and was forced into handcuffs and leg-irons. But the parasite throve and grew normal, whereupon he became [illegible] problem. To keep a sane, healthy man imprisoned was impractical, yet his release would prove a menace because of John *Barleycorn*. We agreed, however, to give him a formal trial later and decide his fate.

Thanksgiving morning blue-jays mingled shrill notes with the screams of guinea fowls, the hissing of geese and all the hubbub of a thronged poultry yard that included doves and lordly peacocks. One of our largest turkeys browned in the oven, while kettles of white porcelain bubbled on the stove, and tables about the blue-and-white kitchen held cakes and pies and feather-light rolls. My part of the holiday preparations was to hold Diantha, because her busy mother expected company and her tiny daughter crept in the way.

In the midst of business our telephone rang. I answered it with Di under one arm, while Tommy, the house dove, flew to the top of the astonishing instrument and cooed and fluffed his feathers, thinking I addressed his majesty.

"We'll be over in ten minutes," Frank's gay voice informed me. "Wally's in his coat and cap and Sib's a most ready."

"All right," I told him. "No hurry. The turk's fast in the oven. It won't run away."

Just as I settled to a game of "This Pig Went to Market" with Di on my knee, the 'phone again sounded its summons. This time it was Mike Kelly at the jail. He'd been listening in and almost smelled the dinner.

"Fetch me a thigh of that bird you mentioned," he ordered. "And all the different vegetables and dressing and mince pie, besides pumpkin and the pudding."

"Anything else?" I inquired.

"What else have you got?" came his hopeful query.

"A chicken pie, fruit salad and peach sherbet," I listed. Over the party line came an ecstatic sigh.

"Send me everything, from soup to nuts," said Kelly, and rang off.

When the Cadwells' car stopped at the door dinner was ready to serve. Presently we circled the table, Sibyl at my right, Frank at the left with the babes in cab and high chair, and Eve opposite me nearest the kitchen with its tempting supplies. For once Sibyl pleased my eye. Her piquant blonde face was rosy with nipping air. She was dressed in silk of apple green toned down by some sort of all-over lace. And she smiled! It lighted up her eyes. She was at the moment a beauty, and Frank knew it. Frank, who had added to his bulk by virtue of Eve's half-year of good meals, had tanned in the open until he was the hue of an Indian.

"Believe me," exclaimed Frank, as course after course appeared on the shining linen, "I'm mainly thankful for Thanksgiving. May it come often. It's the best hand-down of our Pilgrim——"

A howl from Wally drowned his father's historical reference. Diantha, as usual, had wrinkled her nose at Frank's son; and, as usual, the small boy resented the insult. To our amazement this trick of Di's never failed to bring forth from Wally screams of fright.

"I'd wager—if I had anything to wager," prophesied Wally's father, "that Di is an embryo suffragette, and Wally scents danger."

Our dinner—and the dinner we conveyed to Kelly—was something worth eating and remembering; yet the main ingredients were the result of Frank's and my effort during spring, summer and fall. It was composed of products we had raised or could raise. Beyond doubt it proved that the destruction of animal life had not swept away the possibility of well-balanced and excellent meals.

After lights made the rooms brilliant, we assembled in the big drawing-room, intent upon music and, later, movies. When Eve joined us the shining gold of her hair was braided in a coronet and fastened by a single bar of scintillating diamonds. Her perfect form was sheathed in velvet of pale blue, while a cascade of creamy lace fell from the square cut neck and short sleeves. The trailing gown set off her ivory-white complexion, her deep blue eyes calm as pools, her exquisitely rounded throat and her beautiful arms.

"For the love of Mike!" exploded Frank, and stared. It seemed to him he gazed upon a vision. No being of flesh and blood could be more transcendently lovely. That night class distinction received its death blow. As Frank glanced from childish Sibyl to my regal Eve he softly quoted: "'When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?'"

CHAPTER XII.

KELLY'S trial was set for December tenth. I wished him to appear as his own attorney, but to my astonishment Eve objected.

"Sibyl and I must not see him—yet," she remonstrated. "We'd live again that awful hour of siege; and women are too much within four walls to digest bad mental food. Keep him invisible."

I had supposed a woman of Eve's sort would be keen about reforming the reprobate, but she refused to have him in sight even at his trial. Therefore we met at Vespertide for this purpose without prisoner, but the party 'phone enabled us to consult the defendant at intervals. No evidence was taken, because each was familiar with the man's offense, so there was nothing to do but agree upon a verdict and pass sentence.

"Our prisoner," said I in my arraignment, "is a survival of the social fungus that cost our nation heavily. Physically Kelly is now clean thru and thru, inside and out. He is normal, healthy and sane. Mentally he is a problem. What shall we do with him?"

"Poison him," suggested Sibyl. We gasped. "He'd be safely out of the way," she argued.

"If we let him out it would be Mexican clemency," Frank argued. "Ultimately we'd have to shoot him."

"If he didn't get you first," I warned.

"We have no jurisdiction over human life," Eve pointed out. "A Higher Power has shown us mercy, and we must show mercy to this man."

Long we discussed the matter. A dozen plans were suggested and abandoned. Then Frank had an inspiration.

"Let's ask Kelly," said he. "He knows more about what we'd better do with him than any one else."

"You're right," I approved. "Call him up and put the question."

"Says we'd better come there," Frank informed me with the receiver at his ear. "Says he can't reason with what he calls a damphone. Says hustle over before he takes his nap."

In ten minutes our car had whisked Frank and me to the jail, where we found Kelly lolling before his bright fire in an armchair, a cigar of the best quality between his teeth and a copy of "Oliver Twist" in his hand. He had dined heartily and was in rare good humor. When we were seated and supplied with cigars of the same brand as the prisoner smoked, I put the question:

"Well, Kelly, what's to be done with you?"

"There's no use turning me out into booze temptation," declared the derelict. "I can't stand it. When I see all that prime liquor wasting I gets economical and try to drink it up till I'm crazy. Better leave me where I be. The jail is comfortable and quiet, and it's well built. If it hadn't been there'd been no divorce betwixt me and whisky. I'd 'a' got it, handcuffs and all. Thanks to that I'm healthy. Ain't felt so well since I was a boy. Let me have black tea instead o' green, dumplings once a week, a hair mattress, puddings in place of pie, and this here suits me."

This decision lined up with our private opinions; so we provided what our prisoner craved and he was settled in winter quarters. Yet Eve and I never knew a day's repose. Between the jail 'phone constantly ringing for books, cigars, or some fancied article of food, and Sibyl calling us up any hour of the twenty-four for advice or medical attendance or baked goods, we were on the jump. Sometimes I regretted not having congregated our two families and the prisoner in one building. One stormy day in December, Eve had settled to a bit of sewing, with Di on the rug at her feet, and I was reading aloud, when our 'phone buzzed.

"Who's this?" questioned Eve at the transmitter. "Oh, it's Kelly. Don't like—— Adam, come here," demanded my wife, at this point. "Your sea captain is swearing. Something doesn't suit."

"See here, Kelly," I chided into the 'phone, "if you use profanity on the wire, no more cigars." At that moment Frank's voice cut in at Vespertide.

"Is that you, Frank?" I demanded. "Talking to me or the jail?—What?—Oh, that's it!—Tell Sibyl to rub her head with menthol. Yes, menthol. And inhale it. (Get off the line, Kelly; it's busy.) Want me to run over and see Wally's what?—Oh, tonsils! Sure! I'll be there soon's the roadster can plow thru."

The Cadwells acquired the habit of dining with us Sabbaths and besides, the holidays. Christmas turned out to be a royal good time without gift-making. Nothing existed but what any one of us could reach out and take, so we automatically became S. P. U. G. S. Instead of presents, Frank secured fresh films at Parkland, so that even Kelly enjoyed scenarios at the jail. But after reeling off for his benefit some views of New York thorofares, our prisoner again attempted to escape. He managed to loosen several stones in the floor. Later Frank and I reinforced the apartment with cement, while Kelly occupied another and less comfortable cell.

"After this," Frank decided, "we'll pick out rural scenes for Mike—green pastures and purling brooks."

"We have fine desert scenes," I reminded him.

"Too dry," objected Frank. "They'd rouse Mike's thirst worse than New York streets. Deserts won't do."

When direct sun-rays warmed the earth in spring we agreed upon Kelly's immediate future. Forty miles north of Morningstar, and twelve miles from shore, was a barren island named Sandhaven. So we concluded to move our prisoner thither, provide him with abundant food, and maroon him. He was to have nothing that would form a raft. His fuel was to be oil and his shelter a tent. Accordingly we conveyed him and his outfit in a gasoline launch to this sand knoll wreathed by blue water. For an hour we worked at putting up his tent and a smaller one for the fowls he was to slaughter as he wished. Under a third canvas were stored hundreds of tin cans that contained meats, fish, vegetables, fruits and coffee. Added to this were flour, cereals, black tea and grain for the poultry.

My last look at Kelly as we were again afloat impressed me deeply. Like a modern Crusoe he sat on the bleak sand, surrounded by tufts of beach grass and stunted juniper, a pathetic figure. His gaze, however, was not turned toward our departing boat, but toward the provision tent with its prodigality of tinned food.

"That old submarine is half fish," muttered Frank, with an uneasy backward glance. "But he can't make a raft of wild grass, and no expert could swim that twelve miles. I guess he's safe."

The witchery of spring merged into full-leafed, odorous summer, and summer ripened to autumn before we revisited Sandhaven. Because of Kelly's continued absence we grew confident that all was well. And as he was provided with everything he had requested or we could imagine—save raft-building material—there was no rush about visiting him. So Frank and I crowded the months with rather extensive farming, while Eve endlessly preserved, canned and made jelly.

In order to live sumptuously we were forced to plant and harvest. Months of humid weather, insects, and time's decay rendered much of the stored flour and grain unfit for human use. And in order to reach storage tanks of gasoline we drove farther and farther into neighboring towns. Thus our days were filled. We worked extra hours for no other pay than fresh food. But after the garnering of our last truck load we celebrated the event by a picnic.

It was a gala affair. Eve and Sibyl wore white linen; the children were dressed in dirt-defying blue. Diantha, grown to a slender fairy, romped about the grassy, tree-shaded glade by the inland lake. She was a dark little midget with funny, decisive manners and a startling gift for mimicry. Nothing escaped the flash of her velvet-brown, long-lashed eyes. Days after we had forgotten some incident she often recalled it by her trick of pantomime and mimicry. From his cab Wally's longing gaze observed Di's sprightly movements until she approached his wicker carriage and with plump hands on the rail, greeted him by a loud "Wa-oo!" which might be interpreted as Wally or an Indian war-whoop. As it was accompanied by the insulting act of a wrinkled nose Wally promptly howled.

"You should whip her for that," demanded Sibyl. "She's always scaring Wally into fits."

For a moment Diantha regarded the speaker with serious, thoughtful eyes. Then she darted to Frank, where he lazily reclined by a tree, and shook a small finger in an exact duplicate of his favorite gesture.

"No put Di on islan'," she shrilled at him. "No put bad Di on islan'."

"For the love of Mike!" cried Frank. "I believe the child is talking of Kelly. What does she know about that?"

"It's just a case of small pitchers with big ears," said I. "She's heard us talk of putting a bad man on the island, and objects to that form of punishment."

But her strange reminder hastened our delayed trip to Sandhaven. Upon landing nothing met our astonished eses but a few bedraggled fowls. Kelly had vanished. So had his tents and tin cans. We searched every foot of the island, but not a tin appeared.

"Don't you see?" shouted Frank. "Kelly emptied 'em, soldered 'em tight, and sailed away on a canvas-and-can catamaran."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE escape of Kelly from Sandhaven reminded us of a peculiar and apparently innocent item he had induced us to include among his supplies. It was a soldering iron, a complete soldering outfit. He explained that he might wish to seal up the half-used contents of opened tins. He called it economy. There was no use wasting food of which he had momentarily tired. Wise Kelly! Even then he planned a tin-can-and-canvas catamaran. His success in reaching land and liquor, together with our dread of another Northern winter, decided us to migrate.

"Bird wisdom looks good to me," suggested Frank. "Let's move."

The Cadwells were, as usual, our Sunday guests, and we were at dinner. Eve sat back and looked at Frank with the expression of one easily convinced, but she voiced an objection.

"What about the fowls?" she reminded him.

"Easiest sum in the book," declared Frank. "Crate 'em over to Waverly and use cattle cars. They'd be right at home all the way."

His enthusiasm was contagious, but I knew the tracks were encumbered by stalled trains, probably wrecks, and made unsafe by washouts.

"It's now or never," he insisted. "Every day rusts the iron and rots ties. But right now we can secure a trusty engine from Waverly depot, load up the whole merry-go-round and creep South by inches. No hurry and clear right of way. See?"

Frank was the sort of person who would be optimistic with arms and legs amputated. With him nothing was impossible. For one thing he was a mechanical genius. The engine he referred to had, I discovered, been the object of his especial care. He had dried out, oiled, cleaned and tested the leviathan until its parts were familiar. Now he was able to shunt cars back and forth, with my assistance, until we had coupled together two box cars, a dining car, one Pullman, a sleeper and five cattle cars, occupied by screaming, cackling, hissing and gobbling fowls. Machinery filled much space. We dared not abandon it. One car held our doves. Another was loaded with grain, the second box car held provisions.

It required days and many truck loads to accomplish our embarking, but at last our families entered the parlor coach, and we pulled out of Waverly on a clear track. Frank, at the lever, watched the roadbed with eagle eye, ready to slow down at the first indication of trouble. Our pace was that of a snail. Day by day our engine was uncoupled to push, pull and sidetrack stalled engines with their idle trains. Morning, noon and night we gathered in the dining car to partake of the meals Eve prepared in the kitchenette. Twice each day we supplied the clamoring fowls with grain, water and grass cut at intervals from green fields. Each evening, after a plunge and clean raiment, we assembled in the Pullman for music, reading and discussion. And the discussion was always of our progress and location as indicated on maps. New records for the phonograph and fresh films were unearthed at every large town. Upon the fifth evening of our journey Frank projected on the canvas of our makeshift theater a street parade. Men, carrying banners, filed by in almost endless procession. Crowds of men and women waved hats and handkerchiefs and cheered. Diantha, with curly head a-tilt, watched them. Finally she advanced to the screen and touched the group with outspread, investigating fingers. No one was there!

"They're just pictures, honeybunch," Eve explained.

But the awakened mind was not convinced. Next day she pointed her tiny finger at the empty avenue of a city and demanded people. No one was moving.

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Many war zone hospitals have ordered Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder, for use among the troops. Shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. Allen's Foot-Ease gives rest and comfort, takes the friction from the shoe, and prevents the feet getting tired or foot-sore. Young men in every community are using Allen's Foot-Ease in their drills for Military Preparedness. Drug and Dep't Stores everywhere sell it, 25c. *Don't accept any substitute.* Try it to-day.

There was no ringing of bells, or honk of cars, or tramp of feet. Di was puzzled. I groaned in spirit. Some future day we'd be sharply questioned and the answer was complex.

Thru the Michigan forests the harvest of a tornado strewed the way, washouts had to be filled, occasional ties and rails replaced. By degrees we entered Ohio and half crossed the State before Frank sighted the supreme difficulty of our entire trip.

"Here's our Waterloo," he yelled back, and stopped the engine. Ahead of us two trains, urged by unchecked power, had met in deadly impact. Coach after coach was piled in chaos or demolished. The way was blocked.

"Now what?" I demanded.

"Either build a new track or transfer," stated our engineer.

Because of high land that must be graded, if we tried the former, we decided upon the second plan. The map indicated a town of some size near the tremendous wreck. By means of a runabout, carried for convenience, we were soon at the spot. The next proceeding required two days and three nights.

Briefly, we backed an engine from the roundhouse that had been in the act of turning when mankind ceased from labor. To this rusted monster we added a train that stood on the tracks. It was waiting an engine, probably waiting for this especial locomotive. The engine and cars were backed to the head-on wreck and then came the real tug of war. The various contents of eleven cars must be moved to the second train. During three nights we carried squawking fowls to plush upholstered coaches, lacking suitable space. Their tumult would not only have alarmed Rome, but the whole of Italy. By midnight of the last day scores of chickens roosted on plush seats; turkeys, guineas and geese occupied a smoker, while ducks and doves shared a box car. Next morning we were again on the move. We cautiously advanced toward Cincinnati, where we hoped to secure a trusty locomotive.

"This one has pneumonia, asthma, a thirst like Kelly's and a vile temper," summed up her driver.

Long before we planned we were forced to secure a fresh engine and shift our cargo.

"After this I'll just shout, 'Change cars!'" declared Frank, "and the birds'll scoot."

By Thanksgiving we neared the Mammoth Cave and indications of earthquake. Upheavals had lifted track, and we knew more would appear, so we camped for needed rest and the holiday. Besides, Eve and I wished to explore the place of our honeymoon, the land where we had found refuge during the death of nations.

"I'm deadly tired of chicken meat," complained Sibyl, during our holiday dinner.

Nothing pleased. Her temper sharpened with every mile. While Frank upheld our courage by his gay spirit, Sibyl formed the gray lining.

"We'll have fish at the first lake," promised Eve.

"Worse than this," declared Sibyl, "I can't endure them."

Leaving the dishes unwashed, Eve and I got out the roadster and drove across sun-ripened blue grass and neglected roads, finally arriving at the deserted streets of the well-remembered village. But the hour grew late; fallen timber and a crevasse barred the way. We halted and spoke in low tones of that far-off time when our genial Kentuckian talked of the cave guide. Then, as we sat musing of the past, there came on the still air a sound that startled. We exclaimed in wonder. It seemed the long-drawn, doleful howl of a dog.

"Hear that!" cried Eve. Again came the eerie note.

"If it wasn't impossible," I commented, "I'd say that's the baying of a hound."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Right, but Wrong.

"A train leaves London, traveling at thirty miles an hour," began the master. "Half an hour later another train leaves the same station, traveling at fifty miles an hour. Where will the second train run into the first?"

The class thought and thought, and, judging by their faces, the problem in mental arithmetic was beyond them—all save one, young Tommy Smart.

He jumped to his feet, waving his hand wildly.

"Yes, Tommy," said the master, encouragingly.

"At the back end of the rear carriage," said Tommy.

* * *

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The Girl Captain.

(Continued From Page 3.)

tain and principal owner now. If you haven't confidence in me you can sell your shares. I'll buy them or get some one else to take them off your hands. Father, you know, had as much interest in the Belle Isle at one time as Captain Franklin. He sailed her, too, and I should like to follow in his footsteps."

Meg laughed a queer little laugh and turned scornfully away. "You assume too much, Raymond. I'm not going to part with my shares in the Belle Isle; neither am I going to let another appoint a captain for her."

Raymond followed her eyes, a tiny flush becoming visible on his cheeks; she was pretty—prettier than any girl he knew in Greenfield Haven, and her sudden attitude of defiance added zest and interest to their relationship.

"Whom will you appoint captain, Meg?" he asked, smilingly. "There aren't many suitable ones in Greenfield Haven today. There's Abe Duffy—but I wouldn't trust him with a fishing smack outside of the breakwater. And as for old Curzon, your father's mate, he's so old and blind he couldn't tell a white light from a red one a mile away. There's Pop Reid, a splendid cook, but not very long on navigation."

"You don't have to mention any more names, Raymond," she replied sweetly, turning on him with flushed face and gleaming eyes, "for I've already appointed a captain."

"You have?" A dull red entered Raymond's cheek, for this was carrying matters a trifle too far—to appoint a new skipper without consulting him, who, next to herself, was the largest shareholder in the schooner. "Perhaps you'll tell me who is the lucky or the unlucky man."

"I see no objections—not if you're really interested enough to inquire."

"Who is he, Meg?" Raymond asked quickly. "You know I'm interested—and disappointed. I thought at least you'd give me a word in the selection of a captain. But as I'm ruled out entirely—not even thought of in that connection—I'll confess I'm very curious to know what sort of a man a woman would choose for a captain. Is it any one I know?"

Meg nodded and showed her teeth in a smile.

"I won't ask if it is any one I like," he continued, "for from this moment I shall learn to dislike him, no matter who he is."

"Are you quite sure of that?" she asked mischievously.

"Quite!"

"I'm sorry then to incur your dislike. But it can's be helped. I'm the new master of the Belle Isle. Captain Meg, at your service!"

She made a deep courtesy. Raymond stared at her in incredulous surprise.

"Oh, come now, Meg, that's a good joke," he laughed, unwilling to take her seriously. "Be honest with me, and tell me who the man is. I'm anxious to know what sort of a skipper you've chosen."

"There isn't any man," she answered stiffly. "I'm captain of the schooner, and I'm going to remain so as long as I control a majority of the shares. Is that plain enough?"

It was plain enough, but not very satisfying to Raymond Stone, who, as the lineal descendant of a long line of sea captains, could not look with approval upon a skipper in petticoats treading the quarter deck of a ship in which he had an interest. The toss of the head and the defiant blue eyes of the girl convinced him that she was in earnest. A hasty retort sprang to his lips, which only intensified the scintillating steel blue of the eyes.

"Nonsense, Meg! You can't do it! What crew do you think would take orders from a woman? Why, they'd laugh at you. They need a man who can cuff them and knock them down if they don't obey orders. You can't go to sea in this schooner without a man as a regularly appointed captain."

Meg did not immediately reply. With one hand she jabbed a hatpin thru her cap and viciously pulled at a stray, rebellious lock. Raymond could not see the play of the eyes, but when she finally turned upon him they were ablaze.

"You forget," she began in an ominously quiet voice, "that I've sailed as mate on this schooner several times, and once, when father was disabled, as captain. I never yet had any trouble with crew or passengers in obeying my orders. I don't anticipate any now or in the future. If I do—I shall know how to act. The captain is in supreme command on his ship, and has the power to order any one off it, which I do now to you, Raymond Stone. Your boat is waiting for you."

Meg pointed to the side of the schooner in dramatic silence. Raymond stared at her, a flush of color entering his cheek.

"You mean it, Meg?" he asked, unconvinced yet that she was in earnest.

She nodded and turned coolly away. Raymond watched her, and then with a laugh started to obey her order.

"All right, Meg," he said. "I'll go, but some day I'll return as master of the Belle Isle. Until then I shall never touch foot to her deck."

"I'm afraid," she replied sweetly, "that time will never come. The schooner will never pass to a Stone as long as I live."

Raymond made no answer to this thrust, but climbed over the side of the boat and entered the yawl that had brought him across the bay. Unobserved, Meg watched him row away, a frown knitting her forehead, and when he landed at the wharf she sighed and returned to her work of inventorying the cabin.

This unusual story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Just His Case.

"I ask you to pay me this bill," said a tailor to a waggish debtor.

"Do you owe anybody anything?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," replied the tailor,

"Then you can afford to wait." And off he walked.

A day or two afterward the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wits' end, so, turning to his creditor, he said:

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes, sir, I am sorry to say I am."

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I haven't got the money," replied the tailor, with a woebegone countenance.

"That's just my case, my dear sir. I am glad to perceive that you can appreciate my position. I always respected your judgment, sir. Give me your hand, sir."

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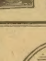

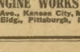

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Don't Send Me O

I will send them to you FREE so that you can judge them for yourself.

Summer time is the most trying of all seasons on the eyes. The sun glares, the air is full of dust and grit, the heat hurts and burns, and you strain your eye nerves. You must therefore get glasses to protect your eyes.

I am putting on the market, for a short time only, a large-eyed, 10-karat, Gold-Filled spectacle, fitted with "Perfect Vision Lenses," which will protect your eyes from all eye strain, eye pain and eye trouble.

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To protect your eyes from the sun, dust and grit. I want to prove to you that my spectacles will do for you just what I say they will. I want you to put them on as soon as you get them and see how soothing they are to the eyes. Take your sewing and see how easily you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle, and read even the finest print, or go out in the shed and sharpen your saw. They will enable you to see every cut just as plain as when you were young. In fact, they will make your eyes young again.

They'll Enable You To Thread The Smallest-Eyed Needle Or Protect Your Eyes When Plowing In The Fields

Mrs. O. E. Flinn, Cheboygan, Mich., writes:

"My glasses are simply fine. I can sew and read all day, or by lamp light without being tired. I will speak about them to all I can for the good of suffering humanity."

I want you also to be helped and made happy. I am therefore going to send them to you free, to try in your own home for fully 10 days.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once; let Uncle Sam deliver to you, at your own door, a pair of my Gold-filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome Plush-lined imitation silver-tipped Pocket-book Spectacle Case, absolutely free, for you to try. I will even pay the postage on them, and you are to judge them for yourself. Can anything be fairer? Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

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I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your Gold-filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, plush-lined, imitation-silver-tipped, pocket-book spectacle case, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.50 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.......How many years have you used glasses (if any)?......

Name ....

Post Office..

Rural Route......................Box No.............State......................

A Contributor.

"Have you contributed to the aid of those in distress?"

"Yes. I have lost six umbrellas in the last two months."

Clean Bill.

Customer—"Is there any gravy on the bill of fare?"

Waiter—"No, sir; there was, but it was wiped off."

THE MADNESS OF WAR

Heard on the Train.

"What kind of coal do you use?"

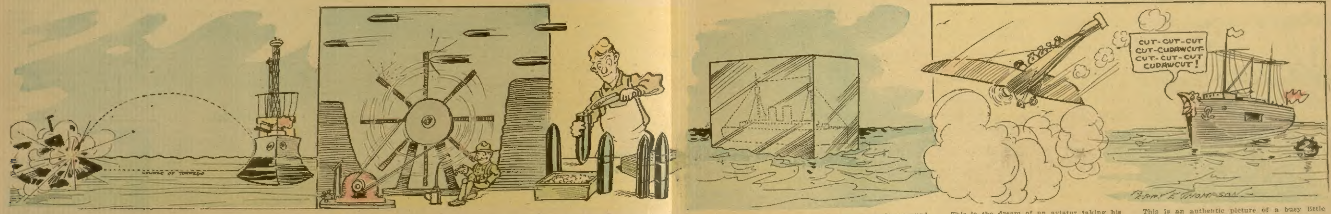
"Egg."

"Egg? How do you get it? By the dozen?"

Kind He Likes.

"Oh, I just love animals; don't you?" gurgled the sweet young thing.

"Sure. Let's have a Welsh rabbit," said the accommodating youth.



The boomerang style of battleship hull construction would render submarining at least difficult, if not downright unpleasant.

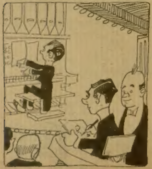
A method of extracting the surplus energy of shells flying over trenches and turning it into electricity for trench lighting.

Mixing corn with shrapnel, so that when the enemy retreats a field of corn will be planted and growing.

This idea from an Indiana man is clever. Simply surround the ship with mirrors, thus making it invisible to submarine enemies.

This is the dream of an aviator taking his money from an air pocket to a cloud bank!

This is an authentic picture of a busy little mine layer just coming off its nest!



The Sport Artist—"What are those pedals under the organ [illegible]"

The Book Revie[illegible] are for footnotes."

The Way She Managed.

A delightful old lady of a little town in Nebraska was discovered one morning in the act of killing a chicken.

"Why, Mrs. Brown, I thought that you were afraid to kill a chicken," said a neighbor in surprise.

"Yes, deary, I did useter be, but since the war broke out I've done it right smart."

"I don't just understand; what does the war have to do with it?"

"Well, you see, it's this way: I useter think that bloodshed was an awful thing, but since I've been readin' about all them men killin's in Europe I just get a rooster by the feet, lay his head on the block and say to myself, 'Now, Sarah, 'tain't near so bad as killin' a man. Where's your nerve?' And then I just shut my eyes and whack."

REVOLT.

Collars and cuffs! Collars and cuffs!
Stiff-bosomed shirts and a tie!
A shine and a shave—detestable bluffs!
Must one keep them up till one die?
But oh! for the wood, the sea or the plain,
Or a far, hidden spot that we know,
Where a fellow may live in the sun and the rain,
Permitting his whiskers to grow!

We long for the camp by the swift water's brink,
With nothing but woods all around,
Where a fellow can hunt or can peacefully think,
And live all over the ground!
Where laundries, shoe polish and razors and things
Like that are considered quite low,
And where all the fellows are happy as kings,
Permitting their whiskers to grow!

Collars and cuffs and clothes from the store,
They hamper and cripple the man!
To keep them supplied requires much more
Than conforms to the primitive plan.
We need to get out now and then in the wild,
Where the tides of a stronger life flow,
And hark back to nature that's quite undefiled,
Permitting our whiskers to grow!

◆

Intellectual Humility.

"What's your boy Josh studying now?"

"I dunno," replied Farmer Corntossel.

"Why don't you ask him?"

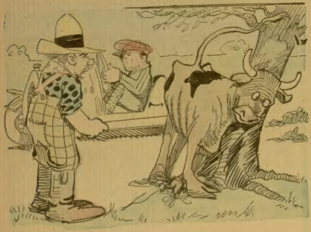
"I don't want to show my ignorance by not being able to pronounce it."

◆

Embarrassing.

"Come, Doris, dear, tell Miss Brown how old you are."

"I's free, Miss Brown. How old is you?"



Mr. Motorly—"It wasn't my fault. I sounded my horn and your cow jumped right in front of my car."

Mr. Timseed—"That's the trouble. She heard your horn an' thought you was runnin' away with her calf."

Convalescent.

"Getting on nicely," said the doctor—"very nicely! I think he might have a little solid food directly he begins to be convalescent."

"But what are the signs of convalescence?" asked the wife.

"Oh, it's always a good sign when the patient displays irritability and a disposition to argue and a certain peevishness."

On his visit next day the doctor found the little wife very cheerful.

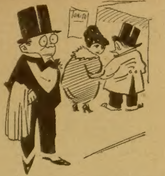
"And how is the patient?" he asked.

"Oh, much better, I think, doctor! I gave him a fried steak and onions yesterday."

"Fried steak and onions?" gasped the medico. "But why on earth——"

"Well, I followed your instructions, doctor. You said that if he was at all peevish or disposed to argue it was a sign that he could stand some solid food. He asked me last night if he could have a fried steak and onions, and I said I didn't think he ought to, so he got up and went into the kitchen, smashed fourteen soup plates, a tea service and two milk jugs. So, in view of what you said, I let him have it!"

◆



His Wife—"I wish you'd dress more neatly. Just look at Mr. Fussbody. His trousers are always so perfectly creased."

Mr. Palouch—"He's got nothing on me. My pants have ten creases to his one."

◆

Home Without a Woman.

C. L. Edson, "the man from Arkansaw," who was formerly a paragrapher on a New York newspaper, was wandering along Broadway one evening when he came on a suffragist mounted on a soap box and orating to a considerable crowd of people.

"What would home be without a woman?" the lady was demanding earnestly. "Can any of you gentlemen within sound of my voice think of any home without a woman? Can you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Edson, mildly; "I can."

"Oh, you can, can you?" said the suffragist, with a slight tinge of sarcasm in her tone. "Well, my dear sir, will you kindly tell us what kind of home it is?"

"The Old Soldiers' Home," replied Mr. Edson.

◆

Eager.

"I can hardly wait for next summer to come."

"Want to play golf, I presume?"

"It isn't that. I just want to get in my next winter's supply of coal and make sure of it."

Shortsightedness.

A woman consulted an oculist about her husband's eyesight, saying she wanted a very strong pair of glasses for him.

"I fear I cannot recommend glasses without first seeing your husband," the oculist said.

"He won't come at any price," was the reply.

"Then tell me something about him. Can he see objects at a distance, or does he experience difficulty when reading? For instance, could he see that pigeon flying above us?"

"Rather," the woman said. "He'd spot a pigeon on th' wing quicker than he'd see an aeroplane, especially if he'd got a bet on it. What I want yer to cure is his shortsightedness when he's looking for a job. He's been lookin' for work the last ten years, and never got any to suit his fastidious eyesight yet."

Limited.

"How do you like your new cook?"

"Not very well. She can serve meat in only three styles."

"What are they?"

"Overdone, half done and raw."

◆

Enigmatical.

"Emily has one of those self-playing pianos."

"Well?"

"And she does put on such airs."

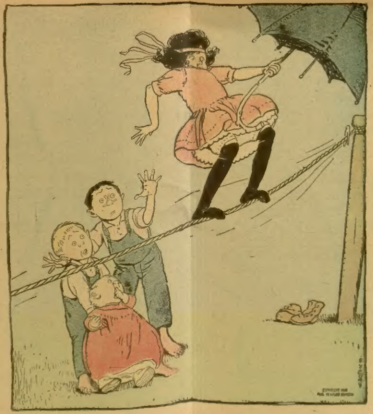
Full of Excitement.

"Poor laddie," said the lady to the hotel elevator boy, "don't you find this work rather trying and monotonous?"

"No fear, ma'am! I like it. It's full of excitement. First of all, there's always the funny people coming in and out. Then there's other things.

"Only yesterday a man tried to get out before the elevator was down and cracked his skull. Then last week the machine broke, and the thing came straight down from the sixth floor to the bottom, and everybody was hurt 'cept me. This 'ere rope, too, looks a bit weak, but it'll probably last till we get up, tho I don't know what we'll do if it doesn't, 'cos the engine man is away ill today, and 'is mate's just married, and I'm in charge of everything and I don't know nothing about it. So it ain't really what you could call a dull life, is it?"

"BEN BOLT"---The [illegible] That You Were Yourself.



Don't you remember Sis Fanny, Ben Bolt,
Whom the circus did wildly inspire,
With a fake parachute she attempted a skoot,
And likewise essayed the "high-wire."

A Very Bright Pupil.

The teacher was teaching her pupils grammar.

"Now, Tom Jones," she said, to an intelligent youngster in the front seat of the class. "A is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say 'a man,' but you can't say 'a men,' can you?"

"Yes, I can," replied Tommy. "I can say 'a men,' too, like father does after his prayers."

"Come, Tommy, no jokes," replied the teacher, reprovingly; "decline 'he.'"

"Nominative he, possessive his, objective him."

"Now, you can't say 'him book,' but you can say 'his book.'"

"Yes, I do say 'hymn book,' too," said Tommy, with a chuckle.

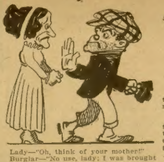
Each one of these sallies made teacher smile in spite of herself.

"But now, Tommy, seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now, 'I strike' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?"

"Yes, I do; I strike back again."

After this the teacher gave him up as a bad job.

◆



Lady—"Oh, think of your mother!"

Burglar—"No use, lady; I was brought up in an incubator."

◆

Loyal Friends.

"Men do certainly hang together," said Brown. "For instance, I have a friend who lives in a suburb where many wealthy folks live. Recently he had an automobile accident at a lonely spot on the road, where he found it impossible to reach a telephone to notify his wife.

"Now, it happened that he was happily married, very domesticated and not accustomed to staying out at night. So at midnight his wife became very nervous. She dispatched the following telegram to five of her husband's best friends in the city:

"'Jack hasn't come home. Am worried. Is he spending the night with you?'

"Soon after this her husband arrived home and explained the cause of his delay. While he was talking a boy brought in five answers to her telegrams, all worded thus:

"'Yes, Jack is spending the night with me.'"

◆

Disappointed.

"Was the mass meeting a success?"

"Oh, yes."

"But I just now met Glithers, who was present, and he told me the meeting was a fiasco."

"Shh! Glithers was the only prominent citizen there who didn't get a chance to make a speech."

ARMS AND THE MAN.

Let other bards sing a brave song of the sword
Or else of the cannon's loud roar,
Of the rifle's dread crash
And the bayonet's flash
On the stricken field, crimson with gore.
There's many a bard such weapons to praise,
But I sit in my corner and croon
A passionate song
To those triumvirs strong,
The knife and the fork and the spoon!

A pastoral sweet may be sung to the plow,
The hoe and the rake and the spade,
While the song of the loom
Goes out with a boom;
Many songs to the hammer are made.
The ax and the saw have a place in the sun
And the brace with its hand grip of cork,
But scorning all rules
I will sing of my tools,
The spoon and the knife and the fork!

For weapons at best are but made to protect,
While implements are to provide
The stuff that we eat,
The bread and the meat,
And some other victuals beside;
So grant me an ear for the song long delayed
That spans such a measure of life,
To the tools used the most
By the mightiest host—
The fork and the spoon and the knife!

◆

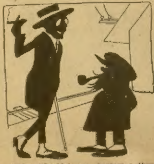
Luck.

"How did he win promotion?"

"By being pleasant and accommodating to all people who didn't appear to be of much consequence."

"They all praised him, I suppose."

"Not exactly. The little old man in the shabby suit that he was courteous to yesterday happened to be one of the directors of the company—the lucky guy."



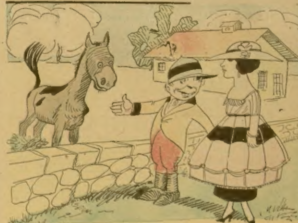
Jinks—"Couldn't you borrow a thousand at the bank on your character?"

Binks—"Impossible! I keep hens, and the banker lives next door to me!"

◆

What's in a Name?

A young Liverpool citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge, because she is sweet; and a young married man residing in Birmingham calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous; and a Bradford man calls his wife Fact, because she is a stubborn thing; and a fourth wife of an attorney calls him Necessity, because he knows no law; and a Manchester man calls his wife Sluggard, because she gets mad and goes to her aunt every time he stays out at the lodge; and a Middlesborough man calls his wife Frailty, because Shakespeare says, "Frailty, thy name is woman;" and a certain insurance agent calls his wife Honesty, because it's the best policy; and a Nottingham man calls his wife Mary Jane, because that is her name; and a Glasgow man calls his wife Darling, because that isn't her name—she's a regular vixen; and a Newcastle man calls his wife Enough, because she is as good as a feast.



Jack—"That horse knows as much as I do."

Belle—"Well, don't tell anybody. You may want to sell him some day."

On the Level

By Edgar White

HOW can a man be a patriot unless he has seen the national capital? He wouldn't know what he was [illegible] by hearsay. You give every man, woman and child in this country a chance to see the President and the national buildings and the library and Washington's home across the river, and this nation would be invincible in time of war! Everybody would fight for [illegible]

It was the winter before the inauguration ceremonies at Washington. There [illegible] town hall to hear a well-appearing visitor describe his method by which everybody could enjoy a free trip to the national capital. They reasoned there was a string tied to it somewhere, but Montrose wasn't busy that night, and it turned out to hear the smart young man talk, just as it would have gone to a street medicine show, a free clog dance, or any other educational exhibition.

George Barr was the name of the young man who was campaigning along the lines of patriotism. He wa[illegible] faced, blue-eyed, wholly without guile, making the appraisement by his looks. Added evidence was the fact that he declared his only purpose was to awaken [illegible] there was no [illegible] said. Yes, he almost forgot. There was a selfish element in his idea. If he could be the humble means of giving every citizen of the United States a free trip to Washington there would be built to his memory an eternal monument in the hearts of the people—a monument more enduring than granite or marble. That would [illegible] and bottom, and you would find it absolutely on the level!"

[illegible] he was very [illegible] interest was at boiling point to learn the great idea.

"[illegible]" declared Mr. Barr, "it has only been the rich who could afford to enjoy this magnificent city which you people are taxed to keep up. The great mass of our citizens only know of Washington as they hear about it in the papers. It is due to you as American citizens that every one—even the poorest—should see the place where your servants are making laws for you! My first plan was to have Congress appropriate yearly a certain sum for this purpose. I had a mathematician figure it out, and he told me that an appropriation of a million dollars a year for ten years would enable every single person in this country to visit the national capital once! It was a mere bagatelle when compared with appropriations they are making for a whole lot of useless things that are not of one cent's benefit to you people out West!"

This brought forth a whirlwind of applause, and many a white-haired corner store parliamentarian turned to his seatmate and remarked: "Ain't that the truth? Haven't I said that same thing a hundred times?"

Much encouraged, Mr. Barr went on: "I call this a Free Trip to Washington, and it is. The only cost is the membership fee, which is just one dollar per member—a couple of dozen eggs! There is absolutely no other expense—no strings of any sort. You pay your dollar and are enrolled as a member. The [illegible] Montrose National Capital [illegible] the organization night everything will be in the hands of your own officers and executive committee. The money will be forwarded to your treasurer. Now, I know you are wondering how it is possible to do this for one dollar. Its simplicity [illegible]."

Mr. Barr said, as an illustration, two hundred [illegible] bers. That meant $200. He had consulted the railroad agent regarding fares from Montrose to Washington and back, and had reliable data covering every possible expense in the city. It was estimated that $100 would easily cover it, but to be more than liberal $125 would be given the one elected to make the first trip on organization night. That would leave a fund of $75. This would be sent to the Association's headquarters at Washington, to be placed with other funds constantly arriving from all over the United States.

The universal pilgrimage to Washington would more than double property values there. Suburban lots now worth from $2,000 to $3,000 would jump to $4,-[illegible] surplus funds pouring [illegible] at its present values to be sold or traded when the rise came. The profits on each sale would go into the fund for transportation and expenses of the members. The funds derived from new memberships would be held as a reserve for further investments. Once the great movement started to Washington every sort of real estate property would go mountain high, and the Free Trip Association would own enough of it to make good its contract with all its members. The tide once under way, it would be in the power of the Association to direct which railroads should be used; that of itself would bring in an enormous revenue in the way of commissions, and these revenues would be devoted to defraying the expenses of more trips to Washington."

The dream had shaped up into a practical business proposition!

"Of course," explained Mr. Barr, "all of you can't go at once. Just one member can go now—the lucky one at the [illegible] calculated that it will take about five years for the scheme to work out so as to include every member in the United States. Meanwhile the fund is growing all the time, and as fast as profits [illegible] made on real estate sales they will [illegible] divided pro rata to every branch in the country. There will be money [illegible] into your treasurer every month from these dividends, and as soon as he has $100 he turns it over to some member you will select. According to our math[illegible] of you will have received from [illegible] headquarters $100 before five years have elapsed. And all it costs you now is your one dollar membership fee!"

[illegible] two, stroked his graying beard, and wanted to know of Mr. Barr if he was quite sure there was enough real estate lying around loose to make the thing a go.

Mr. Barr smilingly produced a map of Washington and proved by blue pencil marks that there were hundreds of beautiful residence lots close to town literally [illegible].

"But they won't be that way long," he declared. "We are going to gather them [illegible] before the real estate sharks [illegible] what this thing is coming. Then [illegible] people rushing in from the North, South, East and West, and the big demand for lots to build new boarding-houses and hotels and stores to accommodate the tremendous increase in the population, they will have to come to us and pay our price! It's a dead sure proposition! It can't help but win!"

"But, see here," put in Bill Williams, the drug store man, who was regarded as the keenest political oracle in town, "won't them real estate chaps get wind of what you're doing and raise their prices before you have a chance to get in on the ground floor?

There was a buzz of approval of this sage question, but young Mr. Barr only smiled like a man who was instructing an eager child.

"The real estate men know what I am doing," he answered, "but they laugh at it and call me a visionary, a 'Colonel Sellers.' They say it can't be done, and, secure in their notions, they have not and will not raise prices one penny. Why, we have already purchased some of the most desirable property, and got it at a bargain, too! Of course, in time the holders will awaken to the fact of what we are doing, but it will be like the man who closed the stable doors after the horses ran off—too late!"

This answer seemed to satisfy, and the meeting broke up in extreme good humor. Mr. Barr notified those who wanted to join to be on hand the next night. Then he would enroll them, and directly following would occur the drawing for the first chance to go to Washington.

[illegible] there were 215 charter [illegible]. About fifty of them were women. Constable Tom Stanfield was the first to plank down his dollar.

"I always been hopin' to make that trip," he announced, "but business has been so slack I never could get ahead. I'd rather go to Washington than to Europe, I would!"

The formality of enrolling over, and [illegible] the organizer's pockets, Mr. Barr suggested a plan for the election.

"I want you people to conduct this yourself," he told the members, "so that you'll know it's absolutely fair. Here are 215 blank cards. Write Washington on one of them, and put them in a hat. Then let a blindfolded member hand them out. Of course, if you'd rather have it some other way, all right."

They decided the suggestion was good. All filed by the hat and received a card. Constable Stanfield got the one with Washington on it. He gave a shout, jumped in the air and cracked his heels together.

"Luckiest day o' my life!" he cried. "The old woman never will believe it till she sees it [illegible]!"

M[illegible] congratulatory hand.

"Now," he remarked ceremoniously, "I will hand you the $125—I will do it in the presence of all of you so you'll know this thing is absolutely on the square."

The philanthropist produced a long, black pocketbook, but as he was proceeding to count out the bills a tall, leather-faced man, with a very black mustache and piercing dark eyes, strode into the room and laid a rough hand on Mr. Barr's shoulder.

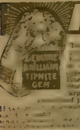
"Ah, Slippery Dick!" he cried exultingly, "up to your old tricks, I see," and b[illegible] a soul could protest at the outrage he had clicked a degrading pair of bright instruments around Mr. Barr's shapely wrists.

"What's—what's the matter?" demanded Constable Stanfield, at this unexpected invasion of his jurisdiction.

"Matter!" smiled the dark man. "Why, this is the smoothest crook in the country. I'm a secret service man for the Government and have been on his trail for six months. Has he been trying to [illegible] Free Trip to Washington' racket?"

[illegible] everybody looked guilty the secret service man laughed.

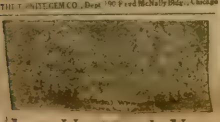
"Wonder you wouldn't read the papers," he said. "He's played this trick all the way from Kalamazoo to Yuma, but I got him this time. I'll see that [illegible] Trip to Washington [illegible] and holding tight to the arm of his pris-



Free To Wear 10 Days

[illegible] genuine diamond. [illegible] and radiance. [illegible]

THE TIFNITE GEM CO., Dept. 190 Rand McNally Bldg., Chicago



Let Us Send You

a Pair of Beautiful Bridal Wreath (Spirea Van Houttei) Bushes, at Our Expense, with 2 Plants of the New Oriental Perennial Poppies Thrown In for Good Measure. See Offer Below.

The BRIDAL WREATH, as shown above, is a very hardy shrub, growing and thriving freely in all parts of the country. It may be trimmed and kept down to any desired height, or if left to itself will reach a height of from 3 to 5 feet. When in bloom [illegible] of white and shows [illegible] very pretty. This fine shrub is especially adapted for planting in the ordinary front yard as well as on the lawn of the millionaire.

With the pair of BRIDAL WREATH shrubs we will have our nursery send you two of the new ORIENTAL PERENNIAL POPPY plants. These plants live out of doors over winter and like peonies the clumps grow larger and larger and bloom more and more beautiful as the years go by. The flowers of the Oriental Poppy are of brilliant silky crimson and are very nice for cutting for use in vases. Buds will open when stems are placed in water as well as if left to open on the plant. The Oriental Poppy plants are new and scarce.

ORIENTAL POPPY

Our nursery has been growing them since they were first introduced into this country and has sold thousands of the plants at their regular price of 40 cents each. By a special co-operative advertising arrangement with our nursery, we are able to send you two of these beautiful plants with the pair of BRIDAL WREATH SHRUBS, all carefully packed and delivered to your town, with plain directions for planting and care, so that a novice in horticulture can easily make a success with them. Just read our offer, and fill out the coupon and mail to us at once and we will have the shrubs and plants sent to you at proper planting time in your locality.

THE FARMING BUSINESS,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

[illegible] 50 cents, [illegible] send me The Farming Business [illegible] as a gift, a Pair of Bridal Wreath Bushes and 2 of the New Oriental Poppies, to be sent at the proper [illegible]

She Couldn't Go; Her Corns Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours.

New shoes — smart styles — have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns
15c and 25c at Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only $7.50 by Our 7 MONTHS TIME Purchase Plan

to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the sweetest, purest, loudest and clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at $25.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music. Shipped with a supply of [illegible] records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainment [illegible] the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE if for any reason you do not want to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials, record book and other literature. They are free

S. H. DAVIS, 1-F, 6101 May St., CHICAGO

Shoo Fly Plant
KEEPS FLIES OUT OF THE HOUSE

Flies will not stay in a room where it is grown. Very mysterious, but tests show such to be the case. Blooms in a short time (60 days from planting) Flowers both summer and winter. Package of seed by mail with catalogue, 10 Cents. JAPAN SEED CO., Desk 26 South Norwalk, Conn.

Free Diamond Stud Offer

Just to advertise our famous HAWAIIAN [illegible] the greatest discovery [illegible] We will send [illegible] free [illegible] beautiful stud [illegible] KRAUTH & REED, Dept. W30 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

FORTUNES IN OIL

THOUSANDS grown rich over night! [illegible] Opportunity awaits YOU. Don't wait. Write today. A. B. Walter, Pres., 391 [illegible] Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

"ROUGH ON RATS" ends RATS, MICE, Bugs. Don't Die in the House. Unbeatable Exterminator. Ends Prairie Dogs, Gophers, Ground Hogs, Chipmunks, Weasels, Squirrels, Crows, Hawks, etc. The Recognized Standard Exterminator at Drug & Country Stores. Economy Sizes 25c, 50c. Small 15c. Used the World Over. Used by U. S. Gov't. Rough on Rats Never Fails. Refuse ALL Substitutes.

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

oner the Government officer left the room.

The members of the Free Trip to Washington Society, who had been paralyzed by the unfortunate turn of events, now began to cackle. Some said they had a presentiment that fellow was a crook all the time. Others thought there must be a mistake.

"Crook or not," declared Bill Williams, "this scheme looks good to me, and I believe it would work out."

One of the women sobbingly observed that Mr. Barr was too nice a man to do wrong, and said the Government was always prying into other people's business.

As for Constable Stanfield, he was like a man bereft. Just as he had his hand on that $125 it had disappeared. He was mad at the secret service man for butting in at the psychological moment.

"If he had only waited two minutes," groaned the constable. Then as the idea occurred: "That's my money! He had no right to take it. I believe——"

The constable started on a run toward the little depot. The night express would be due in five minutes. He was resolved on making an earnest plea to the Government officer for the money he had won; surely all that would not be necessary for evidence, and it was his by every right.

The big constable entered the waiting-room on the run. Mr. Barr and his captor were over in one corner. There were several men in the room awaiting the night train. The constable's big star glittered under the rays of the oil lamp as he advanced on the secret service man and Mr. Barr.

"I have been running after you fellows," panted the constable. "That money——"

The officer was breathing like an air-pump, and his speech was a bit jerky. He held out his hand. His large body was between the two men and the door. He looked formidable and threatening. They exchanged quick glances. Mr. Barr, whose hands were now free of the darbies, reached for his long pocketbook, handed it to the constable, and darted by to the door, followed by his companion.

Constable Stanfield opened the book, took a quick inventory, saw there was a great deal more money than he had intended to demand, and rushed outside. He distinguished two forms running under the light at the corner of the depot and then make off in the darkness. The officer followed, yelling for them to stop, but they only ran the harder.

"That's funny," he muttered, as he gave up the chase, "I thought that Government man would need the balance of this for evidence. Maybe I'll see him when I get to Washington. Wonder what he arrested him for? It was the squarest scheme I ever saw."

But the money in the pocketbook was counterfeit!

* * *

Welcome to Spring.

Three hustling, bustling young reporters rushed into the office, banged open their desks, and with feverish haste wrote three separate pieces about spring, according to the Washington Times, a short time ago. Here they are:

Spring is here! So they say. Sun is shining every day. Flowers are budding; grass turns green. City farmers on the scene. Overcoats and scarfs we doff. Windows open, coats come off. Typist lounging in her chair; baseball talk is in the air. Clerks are sleepy; robins sing. "How d'ye know you're sure it's spring? What's that red cart down the street—kids around for ten square feet? Looks like old John Christado selling hoki-poki-o. 'Course it's spring, you lazy drones He's selling penny ice cream cones

News note—John Christado pushed the first ice cream cone wagon out in front of the Munsey building today and anchored.

Funeral services for King Winter have been held in Washington, D. C. and elsewhere in the Eastern time zone. Interment was in space, the Rev. Father Time officiating.

There were no black veils at the funeral, nor were there any tears shed, for out of the yawning grave which holds King Winter stepped Princess Spring, smiling and joyful, and Washington is so busy making her welcome that the deceased king will be hastily forgotten.

The princess arrived just as the old king breathed his last. She flew swiftly thru the city astride South Wind and whispered to sleeping children, bringing them dreams of budding flowers and warm sunshine and singing birds. Princess Spring will remain in Washington until the twenty-first day of June.

Easter hats are in store windows.

The hurdy gurdy has crept forth.

Lettuce is salable at a nickel a throw.

B. V. D's are on exhibition in the store windows

The sparrows are sparring in the treetops

The swallows are swallowing in the back yards.

The amateur gardener is consecrating himself to the cause of labor.

The classy girl dresser is wearing "low-cuts."

Chopin, Beethoven's E flat minor sonata, the raucous cackle of the fresh laid egg are heard in the land

---

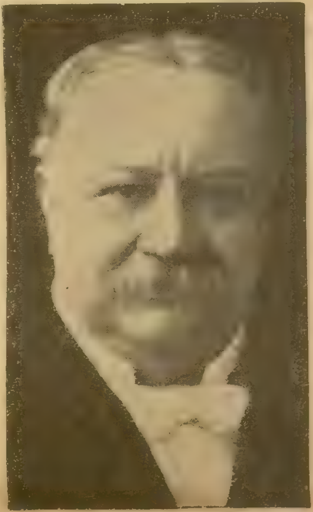
Former United States Senator Mason, Pioneer

in Pure Food and Drugs Legislation, Father of Rural Free Delivery System

Says Nuxated Iron

Increased His Power and Endurance so Much, That He Feels It Ought to Be Made Known to Every Nervous, Run-down, Anaemic Man, Woman and Child.

Opinions of Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital; Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York; and Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago.



What Senator Mason Says

CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLEMEN:

I have often said I would never recommend medicine of any kind. I believe that the doctor's place. However, after the hardest political campaign of my life, without a chance for a vacation, I had been starting to court every morning with that horrible tired feeling one cannot describe. I was advised to try Nuxated Iron. As a pioneer in the food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy, but after advising with my medical friends, I gave it a test. The results have been so beneficial in my own case, I made up my mind to let my friends know about it, and you are at liberty to publish this statement if you so desire. I am now 65 years of age, and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power of endurance of one at my age should be known to the world.

Yours very truly,

Wm. E. Mason

Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron was shown to several physicians who were requested to give their opinions thereon.

Dr. Howard James, late of The Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital, said: "Senator Mason is to be commended on handing out this statement on Nuxated Iron for public print. There are thousands of men and women who need a strength and blood-builder but do not know what to take. There is nothing like organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to give increased strength, snap, vigor, and staying power. It enriches the blood, brings roses to the cheeks of women and is an unfailing source of renewed vitality, endurance and power for men who burn up too rapidly their nervous energy in the strenuous strain of the great business competition of the day."

Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago, says: "I have taken Nuxated Iron myself and experienced its health-giving and strength-building effect, and in the interest of public welfare I feel it my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past my threescore years, and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is largely due to-day to my personal use of Nuxated Iron. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "Senator Mason is right. As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim, and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking organic iron—Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care-worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change your food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron."

Dr. Schuyler C Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

From the Congressional Directory published by the United States Government—"Wm. E. Mason, [illegible] from Illinois, was elected to [illegible] to the 51st Congress in [illegible] 52nd Congress 1892—Elected Senator to the 55th Congress 1897 to [illegible]"

Senator Mason is now Congressman from the State of Illinois.

Senator Mason's championship of Pure Food and Drugs legislation, his fight for the rural free delivery system, and his strong advocacy of all bills favoring labor and the rights of the masses as against trusts and combines make him a national figure at Washington and endeared him to the hearts of the working man and the great masses of people throughout the United States. Senator Mason has the distinction of being one of the really big men of the nation. His strong endorsement of Nuxated Iron must convince any intelligent thinking reader that it must be a preparation of very great merit and one which the Senator feels is bound to be of great value to the masses of people everywhere, otherwise he could not afford to lend his name to it, especially after his strong advocacy of pure food and drugs legislation.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which was used by Senator Mason with such surprising results and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists, and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

SPECIAL TO PHYSICIANS: Doctor, when you wish to prescribe a true tonic and blood builder, one that puts the real "stay there" strength and youthful vigor into the blood and nerves, try Nuxated Iron. If you have been using the old forms of metallic iron, without success; if you have had patients complain of discolored teeth, upset stomachs, hardened, tied-up secretions, etc., from the use of metallic iron, again we suggest, try Nuxated Iron. Nuxated Iron will be furnished by any druggist on an absolute guarantee of success or money refunded. It is highly endorsed by such physicians as Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City; Dr. Howard James, late of The Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital; Dr. A. J. Newman, formerly Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, formerly House Surgeon of the Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago; Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, and others In most cases physicians direct the use of two five-grain tablets three times per day after meals

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EX- [illegible] in positions paying $100 to $500 a [illegible]. Address nearest office. Dept. B-37. [illegible]'s Training Ass'n, Chicago, [illegible] Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED

$1,000 PER MAN PER COUNTY—STRANGE [illegible] $1,200 in 11 days. [illegible] a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1,200 cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or [illegible] quired. Investigate. Exclusive [illegible] ey. Write [illegible] Allen Mfg. Co., 381 [illegible] n Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

STEADY MONEY FOR AGENTS TAKING orders with our handsome catalog for the only line of guaranteed men's shirts and fur- [illegible] No ex- [illegible] New York.

AGENTS: MOST MODERN COMBINATION [illegible] Wear [illegible] out one. Men and women can make $25 a [illegible] send for [illegible] pany, Inc., Suite 520, 30 N. La Salle St., Chi- [illegible]

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTI- [illegible] You can be the best dressed man in your town and earn a lot of extra money if you write at [illegible] Dept. [illegible]

AGENTS. TAKE ORDERS FOR TOMANCO Raincoats. New plan. No money re- [illegible] Dayton, Ohio.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL- [illegible] luminous crucifix, photo plates, [illegible] es, papier mache frames, [illegible]

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH- [illegible]; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System [illegible] free. Z. Rag- [illegible]

1917 WHIRLWIND. SIX SILVER TEA- [illegible]

RUSH POSTAL FOR FREE SAMPLE "SPIR [illegible]

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL OXYGENOS, [illegible]

AGENTS: SCREEN DOOR CHECK. DEMON- [illegible]

AGENTS—$35 WEEKLY, SELLING WYNO- [illegible]

AGENTS—$30 A WEEK AND EXPENSES [illegible] sign letters. Anyone [illegible] Free samples. Liberal offer to [illegible] Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. [illegible]

NEWEST MONEYMAKER: 11 PIECE TOIL- [illegible] boxes at $1.00, with $1 carving set free. Enormous profits! Tremendous hit! Randall sold 30 one day. Success sure. M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake, Chicago.

PORTRAIT AGENTS SEND FOR OUR [illegible] frames [illegible] Box 1 [illegible]

SUIT $3.75. PANTS $1.00, MADE TO [illegible] better offer than this [illegible] free samples and styles [illegible] Dept. 614 [illegible]

NO LIMIT TO PROFITS SELLING SANI- [illegible] $50 weekly not [illegible] free. Sample [illegible] Dept. B, [illegible] York.

300 PER CENT PROFIT. WASHDAY [illegible]

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— [illegible] Experience [illegible] S. Main, St. Louis.

SOMETHING NEW IN PORTRAITS AND [illegible]

AGENTS—LIVE A NEW SOAP GAME [illegible] stuff; 100% profits. [illegible] free. Write quick. [illegible] St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS, SALESMEN, MERCHANTS, LINEN automobile coats $1.25, $1.87½ samples [illegible] Coat Company, 149 West [illegible]

WE FURNISH MERCHANDISE, YOU PAY [illegible] Manufacturing Wor- [illegible]

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

HELP WANTED

CHIROPRACTIC DOCTORS MAKE LARGE incomes; our graduates earn $3,000 to $5,000 yearly; be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illus- [illegible] University, Dept [illegible]

$20 TO $35 PER MONTH EXTRA MONEY [illegible] with it interfer- [illegible] No selling no can- [illegible] Positive [illegible] Unem- [illegible] Address The Silver [illegible] Inc., 2.1 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT [illegible] read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MAKE YOUR SPARE TIME PROFITABLE. Will not interfere with your work. Men, women, everybody, drop postal for proposition. [illegible] honorable, pleasant. Golden Rule System, 178 Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS' [illegible] Send [illegible] for contract. Sun. Leroy, Mich.

WANTED—MEN-WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH. [illegible] free. Frank- [illegible] N. Y.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Ursus Company, Dept. 32, Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—MEN-WOMEN 18 or over. U. S. Government jobs. War means many vacancies. $75 to $150 month. Write immediately for list positions now ob- [illegible] Institute, Dept. C 30, [illegible] N. Y.

DO YOU WANT A SURE JOB WITH BIG pay, easy hours and rapid advance? Write for my big free book, DW 1034, which tells [illegible]

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT [illegible]—to better yourself— [illegible] nge goods or services, [illegible]

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world. Experience unnecessary. European American Detective Institute, [illegible] Syndicate, St. Louis.

NO STRIKE: 8 HOUR DAY. MEN EVERY- [illegible] Firemen, brakemen [illegible] baggagemen $120. Colored porters, experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY WANTS [illegible] in each county to learn and [illegible] work. Write P. O. Box [illegible], [illegible]

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Chicago Ledger

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Do not judge the liquor by the fancy bottle.

When a dentist is buried he has filled his last cavity.

Honesty is the best policy—for all your neighbors.

Good liars are scarce, but some liars are very skilful.

An up-to-date woman is seldom up to date with her age.

Matrimony is the postgraduate course in a woman's education.

A small boy's idea of greatness is to play ball in a uniform.

Many a woman has lost an ardent admirer by marrying him.

There is more than a gallon of trouble in some pint bottles.

The cashier should be known by the company that keeps him.

A woman says there is no pleasure in suffering if she has to do it in silence.

The wings of riches enable them to fly up and roost on the high branches.

Human nature is what a man thinks he shows when he makes a donkey of himself.

No matter how dull trade may be in other lines of business the whip manufacturer has a snap.

It takes a woman to observe every action of a man without appearing to know he is on earth.

Lots of fathers who give their daughters away would like to get rid of their sons-in-law as easily.

About being carried away with enthusiasm the worst feature is that we always have to walk back.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

The tunic has quietly stepped into fashion again.

Serge and satin are combined in tailored costumes.

Yellow and wistaria are fashionable evening shades.

String-colored cloth frocks have embroidery in navy blue.

Gingham sports blouses are so fresh and wholesome-looking that they call to mind immediately the wind-swept links and the clear-eyed, rosy-cheeked girls who play there in the early spring. Made of Anderson gingham, in cunning little checks and plaids, blue and pink, and some in an attractive combination of tiny brown and pink squares, like the rompers one wore as a child, are a number of good styles, all of the tailored variety. One blouse has a vest of white pique, with the sides of the blouse cut into points across it. There are eyelets worked in the points so that they may be held in place by a tie of narrow black taffeta ribbon. The cuffs are made in much the same fashion, there being broad flares of white pique, with points of gingham half covering them and also fastened with black ribbons. The collar is very large and has two narrow bias bands of gingham sewed on the edges.

❦

HEALTH NOTES.

To remove warts take a potato, scrape it and make a poultice; tie it on the wart at bedtime. Do this twice a week for three or four weeks and the wart will disappear and leave no mark.

Corns really are warning signs that we are illtreating our feet, either by wearing tight shoes which in time deform the bones of the feet or by wearing shoes which permit the foot to chafe, thus submitting the surface of the foot to intermittent pressure.

Dark rings under the eyes show that the body in one way or another is being overtaxed by worry, or that the physical system is deranged. Lack of rest, late hours, or an irregularity of the kidneys will bring those gray, heavy lines. Drink plenty of water every day; get out of doors regularly; look after the diet and get to bed early.

The woman who does her own housework is usually worn out at the end of the day. She is apt to conclude therefore that exercise is not a word intended for her. She could hardly make a greater mistake, however. A woman needs a half-hour's rest near the middle of the day, it is true, but she needs also systematic and stimulating exercise. One reason why women are so fatigued at the end of the day is that they lack muscle tone. Half an hour of brisk exercise suited to the particular needs of each individual, and taken regularly, followed by a cold dash of water, will serve to keep the whole muscular and nervous system in tone. It also works wonders in keeping eyes bright and color good, something that all women desire.

❦

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Bags are not always as ornamental as they are useful, but by exercising a little ingenuity one can construct a pretty bag from unbleached muslin and cretonne. Line the bag with pink or blue sateen. For the bottom of the bag take a piece of cretonne, shape the top of it into three large scallops and apply it, scalloped part up, to the bag with braid.

In stamping a design on any material, be sure that you place the design straight with the grain of the material. If no heed is paid to the grain in stamping round centerpieces your design will appear crooked even if it is true. One should also bear in mind the grain of the goods when laundering round centerpieces. They should be placed on the board so that the grain runs parallel with the edge of the board, then the iron will follow the course of the threads, and the result will be a smooth, even centerpiece.

❦

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Do not soak green vegetables. Wash them quickly in cold water just before they are to be cooked or stewed.

Mix together in a bottle equal parts of vinegar and paraffin, cork and put away for use. It is splendid for pictures, mirrors, pianos and floors.

Considerable food matter is wasted when potatoes are pared before cooking. The most economical method of boiling is to boil them in the skins and peel just before serving.

Painted woodwork that has been marred by match scratches can be restored to its original condition by rubbing with lemon and then washing with a clean rag dipped in water.

To raise the pile on velvet put on a table two pieces of wood. Place between them, bottom side up, three flatirons that have been heated very hot, and over them lay a wet cloth. Hold the velvet over the cloth with the wrong side down. When thoroly steamed, brush the pile with a light whisk, and the velvet will look like new.

■

DON'T CROSS YOUR LEGS.

"Every time a man crosses his legs he gives [illegible] that much extra work to do," says William Muldoon, according to an exchange. "You know what happens to a stream of water when you squeeze the garden hose."

This widely known physical instructor attaches great importance to proper breathing. He told me of the trouble he had in making John L. Sullivan breathe properly, and he dwelt on the harm that numbers of Americans do themselves (witness the prevalence of catarrhal affections) by the bad habit of mouth breathing.

"Keep your mouths shut. Breathe thru your nostrils," he is always saying to his patients.

If the nostrils are stopped up he explains how they may be made to function properly by simple cleansing ablutions and he insists that these be performed regularly.

"We need filtered air just as we need filtered water, and the nose is our filter. You boys want to remember that."

To Loyal Ledger Volunteers:

Nearly two thousand men have volunteered to join with me in enlisting in the United States Army for the present war. I have to report to you that the United States Government has decided upon a Selective Conscription form, and there is no law under which our regiments may be accepted. I consider it a high compliment that so many have been willing to go with me, and regret that we will be separated. I would recommend that you join your State National Guard rather than be forced to serve your country thru conscription.

Truly,

W. D. Boyce

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The Boy Woodsman

Or, The Mill Guard

By Milford Merrill

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CHAPTER XII.

IT HAD been the intention of Amos Rand to fire over the head of the boom-cutter with the hope of frightening him from his work. Cave Wickett, reckless son of the woods that he was, had got the start of him by firing directly at the ax-wielder. Our boy hero shuddered at the effect of that reckless shot.

"For mercy's sake!" gasped Amos.

"Let 'em have it, Amos!" screamed Wickett, snatching up the old musket that lay on the ground.

"Hold! Stop that, you crazy idiot!"

The millboy's outburst came too late, since fire leaped from the old shotgun's muzzle, a scattering hail of lead slugs rattled down among the Indians. The voice of Cave rang out, calling upon his companion to shoot.

There had been enough of shooting, however. Amos, with astonishment, saw his lean companion dash down toward the dock, waving high a rifle in one hand, the Rand musket in the other.

"Give 'em hail Columbia, boys!" yelled the excited driftabout.

The Ottawas stopped not upon the order of their going, but went at once, fleeing before the hidden enemy with the mad haste of souls frightened out of their wits. The boys were masters of the situation.

They went along the dock looking for Big Jake, who had plunged off into the water like one shot thru the heart. Cave laughed when Amos reprimanded him for his shot.

"And [illegible] I shoot?" he demanded, whirling upon his companion with [illegible]. "W[illegible] I [illegible]ng to let them [illegible]?"

[illegible] there [illegible] have killed Big Jake [illegible]

"[illegible] ken."

"[illegible] go into the river then? You fired point-blank at him, Cave. I saw you; and it was against my orders."

"You didn't give any orders, pard. At any rate, if you did I didn't hear 'em. What's more, I own up to aimin' for the fellow's breast as he was ready to cut the boom—it was the only way to save it."

To this argument Amos made no reply. He was, however, in sore straits over the sad termination of the affray.

The Indians had fled from sight, not even glancing behind to see the number of their assailants. The tragedy of the killing of one man shadowed all happiness over the victory gained. A search of dock and adjacent water failed to re-[illegible] anything of the unfortunate Big [illegible]. The shot, however, had the effect [illegible] arousing many of the sleeping in-[illegible] of Cedar Pond.

A dozen men came rushing down toward the dock, some not more than half-[illegible]. Of a sudden a bright fire shot up from a pile of fat pine that some of the millmen had collected for the purpose of jack-fishing. Cave Wickett had applied a match, the heavy, resinous wood springing into conflagration almost as quickly as powder.

"Why did you do that?" demanded Amos.

"So we can see," retorted Cave. "I want to let light in upon a dark subject. Look there, Amos, old pard, see who's coming!"

Sure enough, pushing his way toward the bonfire from the direction of the hilltop, was a square-shouldered man of medium height, with smooth-shaved face and square jaws.

"Father!" exclaimed the astonished and delighted Amos.

The approaching man proved to be Major Rand, who, it seemed, had returned home during the night after his son had quitted the house to stand guard over the threatened boom.

Amos was overjoyed to see his father once more. There had been a lot of happenings since the elder Rand had absented himself from Cedar Pond, not the least of which was this descent of enemies of the mill owner upon his river boom.

The son had no trouble in explaining the situation so that his father understood it pretty well. Mrs. Rand, he informed Amos, had made some matters plain, altho neither father nor mother knew of their son's being out with loaded guns watching the boom, till the report of several firearms had roused the Major from a sound sleep.

When told of the shooting of Big Jake, the Major's face became very grave. "It is unfortunate, my son," he said. "There should have been no shooting without a resort to every other method."

Cave Wickett came up then and thrust out a welcoming hand to the mill owner.

"Glad to see you back, Major."

"And I am glad to get home again," responded Mr. Rand. "I am sorry you fired your gun, Cave. You may have killed a man."

"Oh, as for that," returned the tall hunter, "I don't imagine the man is dead. Nothing was further from my intentions than to kill anybody, tho I reckon a man has a right to defend his property, even at the point of a gun, Major. When did you get home?"

"Late tonight."

"From the Mouth?"

"Yes——"

"There's been big doin's here since you left, sir."

"I have heard something about it."

"And your son Amos has acquitted himself with honor, sir," laughed Cave.

"No sentiment now, Cave Wickett," called Amos, annoyed at the flattery of his friend.

The disappearance of Big Jake rested heavily on the millboy's mind. He could not give up the thought of finding him, even it were only the body, which he knew must be in the river. Of course, the swift current would carry that far down the stream.

After counseling with his father, Amos got out his canoe, set up a jack in the bow, which he filled with fat pine and lighted.

Joe Tevier offered to accompany the boy in his search.

"I think I'd better go."

It was Major Rand who spoke. He stood at the edge of the dock, the light from the newly-lighted jack illumining his face, which was pale and stern. The head sawyer stepped back, permitting the mill owner precedence. Cave Wickett watched the movements of his friend Amos with deepening interest.

"Hadn't you better let me go, Mr. Rand, in your place?"

"Certainly not," sternly.

Satisfied that the mill owner was angry with him, tall Cave receded from the dock, going back into the shadows, where he procured and proceeded to reload his long rifle. He chatted and laughed with the men, seeming the most unconcerned one there.

"There's nerve for you," muttered a tall man with black mustache—Anson Waybark—who had but recently appeared upon the scene.

"I allus carry it with me, Mr. Waybark," promptly declared the swamp trapper, a grin lingering on his lean features. He rammed home a bullet as he talked.

"You don't seem to realize that you have killed a man, Cave," said the foreman, with a frown.

"Nobody but drunken Big Jake, was it?" from Cave.

"Well, he has rights, my boy," quickly announced Waybark. "You act as tho it was an everyday occurrence for you to shoot to kill a human. Better be careful. I warn you that there's law in this land, and that you will doubtless have to face a court and jury for this night's work. I am no friend of Big Jake or his boss at The Dam, but you had no right to kill him."

"Who says I did kill him?"

The speaker turned sharply, facing Waybark.

"I thought you had admitted the shooting?"

"I did shoot—two guns—but I ain't owning up to killing anybody," retorted Cave Wickett, who seemed worked up at what the foreman had said. "If a man gets that scared he falls into the river and drowns, how am I to blame? Yes, you may say I scared him, but even then I can't be held for murder."

With that the tall swamp hunter turned on his heel, tossed his rifle across his shoulder, and walked rapidly down the stream toward where the flame of a fishing-jack lit the darkness.

At the lower dock piles of newly-cut lumber blocked his way. The light from the pile of burning fat pine still lit up the river in the immediate vicinity of the mill. Down the stream, below the lumber dock, the jack-fire flared as father and son explored the shore for a considerable distance.

"No use," finally declared Mr. Rand. "The body of Big Jake has been carried down the stream by the current. We will return home and resume the search in the morning. It is bad business, and we must make the best of it."

"I hope you don't blame me, father," ventured the disturbed Amos.

"Why, no, I can't say that I do," slowly declared the mill owner. "If I had imagined the trouble that was to ensue, because of my absence, I should have cut short my trip across the lake and been on hand to quell the mischief in the bud."

"Because of your absence, father?"

"[illegible], I suppose so."

"Don't you think there'd been any sugar stolen, any attempt at cutting the boom, any visit of our house at midnight by Indians if you had been at home, father?"

"I doubt it very much," said the mill owner.

"In that case, then," faltered Amos, "you blame me. Have you talked with Mr. Tevier, or Mr. Waybark."

"Oh, no, I haven't seen either long enough since returning home to pass many words. Tomorrow will be time enough for that. And, my son, I'll wait till I hear all the particulars before I blame any one. I do believe you have done what you thought for the best."

Amos was guiding the canoe, paddling slowly on the return. He felt just the

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least bit hurt that his father should fail to appreciate what he had done to stave off trouble from the Indians, and from the mill owner at The Dam. He knew that if he had remained passive the boom would have been cut and all the logs belonging to his father would now be floating down the river, forever beyond the reach of the mill saw, many of them to be irretrievably lost.

"Hi, hi, hi down yonder!"

It was the voice of Cave Wickett wafted down to them from near a big lumber pile on the river dock. Amos paddled more sharply.

"What is it, Cave?" cried Amos, when near to the spot where the swamp hunter stood beside the lumber.

"I've found our man, Amos—Major Rand," called Cave.

CHAPTER XIII.

AMOS and his father made haste to answer the call of Wickett. Landing near the pile of lumber, Major Rand climbed upon the dock and approached the tall hunter, who leaned against the corner of the lumber pile, chewing a bit of wintergreen he had taken from his pocket.

"What is it, Cave——"

"The poor devil you'n' Amos was looking for, sir."

"Jake Baggart——"

"Why, yes, of course. He's crawled in between these piles of lumber. For a big man he can squeeze into a mighty small hole. How'll we manage now? We might leave him to get out the best way he can."

"But isn't he badly hurt?"

"I don't know," chuckled Cave. "You might ask him, Major."

The mill owner did ask, receiving a deep, sepulchral groan in return. When he tried to force his way in to the reclining man, the way seemed too narrow.

"Mercy! I don't see how——"

"Easy as grease," laughed tall, lean Mr. Wickett. "Big Jake felt so small after the dirt he has played you, sir, it was easy enough for him to crawl into a very small hole."

The flippancy of the other found no response in the heart of the Major. On the contrary, he was very much excited over the situation, and very anxious to do all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of a fellow-being, even tho that person had attempted to do him a grievous injury.

"Come up here, Amos," called Major Rand to his son.

Having fastened his canoe, the boy clambered upon the dock and stood at his father's side. He peered in between the piles of lumber, noting the form of a man lying on the sawdust.

"Is it Big Jake?" he asked.

"I think so——"

"Of course it's Big Jake," pronounced Cave Wickett, testily. "He's crawled in here to escape capture. I reckon he deserves hanging up by the heels in Cedar swamp where the mosquitoes can sting him to death. Let him alone, and he'll sneak away and never bother Cedar Pond again."

"I'm afraid——"

"Afraid of what?" snapped Cave, who seemed not to enter into the spirit of forgiveness that manifested itself in the two Rands.

"Afraid the poor man might die here, exposed to the chill air, wet as he is from his plunge in the river. Furthermore, he may be fatally wounded."

"I reckon he isn't hurt very bad, Major."

"Since you fired the shot that struck him——"

"I am best prepared to guess how bad he's hurt," interrupted Cave, picking the words from the other's mouth with a flippant quickness that angered the Major.

"We certainly must get the poor man out of this," advanced Amos, trying to force his way in to the side of the prostrate man.

His attempt met with failure. A mocking laugh from the lips of tall Cave Wickett greeted his efforts.

"Too fat, Amos, too fat altogether," laughed the driftabout.

"I'll tell you, father, we will hunt up Joe Tevier; he can go anywhere anybody else can."

"No need of that," remarked Wickett, turning sidewise, slipping in between the lumber piles with apparent ease. He bent over the prostrate, water-soaked woods bully, touching his arm.

"Say you, Jake, how'd you feel?"

A deep groan alone answered.

"You're able to make a noise, anyhow," laughed the tall youth. "I guess you ain't dead yet by a considerable; eh, Jake?" shaking the man sharply.

"Mercy sake, Cave, don't be rough," cried Amos, quite shocked at the manner in which his friend treated the wounded bully.

"I won't hurt him, be sure of that," said Cave, still prodding the helpless tough with a bony index finger. "Come, Jake, get up and pay for your lodging. You can't sleep here on the Major's premises. Get up, get up, I say. D'ye hear me?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" pleaded the husky voice of Big Jake. "I'm a dead man! Don't torture me. I didn't mean to cut the boom. I was drunk, and—and old Tr—a—cy set me at it!"

"Have a little sense and decency, Cave Wickett," warned Mr. Rand. "We will fix a stretcher and carry Jake Baggart to the house. He shall be attended to at once."

The speaker backed out from the lumber pile, made his way to the open spaces beyond, and called to some men who still lingered in the vicinity. These made haste to join the mill owner, who explained in a few words what he wanted. These men, one being Anson Waybark, the foreman, made haste to procure some narrow scantling, over which they laid some boards, topped with shavings from the shingle saw. This proved a fairly serviceable stretcher, to which they proceeded to carry the dripping, half-dead Jake Baggart.

Since Cave Wickett alone was slender enough to get to the man, it was left to him to fetch Jake out of his narrow nest. There was much grunting and groaning, also fierce tugging on the part of the tall Mr. Wickett, since the bulky Jake fitted very closely into the space between the lumber piles. It was a wonder to the mill men how the man ever managed to crawl in there.

Once on the stretcher, four men grasped the ends of the scantling, and, led by Major Rand, marched away, around the mill, across the dam, up the long hill leading to the dwellings on the upper level. Cave and Amos walked along on either side of the stretcher, the latter feeling somewhat miffed at his tall friend because of his heartless treatment of the man he had so recklessly shot down.

"Where shall we take him?" queried Waybark, who manned one of the handles to the stretcher. They had reached the summit of the hill, and were not far from the boarding-house.

"To the men's room, of course," returned the Major.

Thither marched the procession, followed by a goodly number of men, who were anxious to learn how the river bully was to come out of this last wild scrape of his.

A bed was drawn out from the wall, on which the wounded man was deposited. It was now that Anson Waybark suggested some one go for a doctor. This was no easy thing to do, since the nearest white medicine man lived at Grand Haven, thirty-five miles distant, the road leading thither passing thru an almost unbroken wilderness.

"Who will go for a doctor?"

It was Major Rand who put the question. He had no heart in ordering one of the millhands on such an errand, believing it best to call for a volunteer. Dead silence reigned for a minute, at the end of which time a voice broke the stillness.

"I will go," said Amos. "Old Barney and I can get thru quicker than anybody else."

Major Rand frowned. He had hardly expected this. It was Cave Wickett who came to the rescue at this moment.

The oil lamps gave but a dim light in the men's room of the boarding-house, yet tall Cave Wickett's face shone with considerable luster as he suggested that the man's wound better be examined before sending so far for a doctor.

Up to this time no attempt had been made to look beneath the clothing of the wounded man to ascertain how badly he had been injured. The suggestion from Cave came at the right time.

"Of course," coincided Amos. "It would be silly to ride all the way to Grand Haven after a doctor unless there is real need of one. Where are you hurt, Jake?" and Amos went to the head of the bed and laid a hand on the shoulder of the occupant, whose hands were clinched across his breast.

Major Rand at once declared that the wound better be examined.

"Ouch! Hold on!" yelled Big Jake, squirming under the touch of Amos' fingers. "I know where I'm shot. Don't touch me; let me die in peace."

"But we don't look for you to die," said Major Rand, soothingly. "Tell us where you feel the worst. I see there's blood on your shirt——"

"That's the spot," groaned Big Jake, "right thru the heart!"

"Tush, mon, don't be an idiot!" jeered one of the millmen.

"Open up his shirt, Amos," from Cave Wickett.

"No, no!" protested the wounded man. "I'm dead, anyhow. Let me alone, murderers!"

Amos glanced at his father, then at other members of the crew.

"This is nonsense," pronounced the Major. "I shall see for myself where this man is wounded. As for the bullet touching the heart, that is quite impossible, you know."

Another light was brought into the room.

Major Rand drew a pine bench up beside the bed and sat down.

"Now, my man," said he, "keep up your grit for a few minutes till I look you over. I shan't be long at it, and I'll try not to hurt you any more than is necessary. Somebody hold the light closer."

"Don't touch me, murderers!" howled Big Jake.

"I tell you we won't hurt you——"

"Won't hurt me, is it?" roared the injured man, in a voice strangely strong for one so avowedly near to death's door. "And you have all tried your best to drown and shoot me to death. Villains! Villains!"

Major Rand leaned back with puckered lips and frowning brow.

"Never mind him," spoke Cave Wickett. "Open his shirt right there in front where it is stained. I reckon the wound is over the left breast."

"Right thru the heart, as I tell you!" groaned Big Jake. "Send for a doctor, can't you? Don't let me die like a dog!"

"Dad, let me look," suddenly spoke the mill owner's son. "I believe Mr. Baggart'll let me examine him."

"Y-e-s, if—if you'll be careful, boy," gasped the prostrate man.

Major Rand made place for his son, while he held the lamp close over the bed. A dozen expectant faces hovered about the bed, the most expressive one being that of Cave Wickett, who had inflicted the wound. His face wore an inexplicable grin.

Amos fumbled at the front of the heavy woolen shirt, unbuttoning it and the one beneath it with great care. Groan after groan escaped the injured man's lips meantime.

The millboy spread open the shirt, exposing the skin, hairy and bloodstained. Yes, there was the wound, and imbedded in the flesh were the objects that had made it—three sizable white beans!

CHAPTER XIV.

"GOOD shot, considering, eh?" chuckled Cave Wickett.

"For mercy's sake!" ejaculated Amos.

"Look further," commanded the Major.

Amos complied, making a thoro examination of the wounded man. He soon made sure that the only wound he had received was that from the beans, and this was merely the breaking of the skin for the space of a couple of inches. There were loose beans rattling out of the shirt as Amos drew it together again.

"Oh, I used a handful," said Cave, continuing to chuckle. "Didn't load with lead 'cause I feared I might get excited and kill somebody. I remember loading a shotgun with beans once when I was out of shot, shooting pigeons. They made the feathers fly, but I got no birds. I don't reckon Big Jake's very bad hurt, but I s'pose the skin does smart a little."

"Wal, I vum!" chortled one of the millmen.

"Big Jake, ther bully of ther Muske

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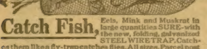

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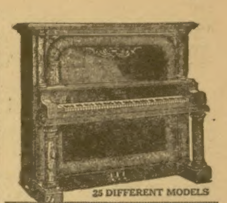

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gon, kilt with a mess o' dry beans! Go tell it ter Sally. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The truth began to sift thru the wounded man's head.

"Tarnation!" he growled, sitting up. "I ain't dead, then?" gasping with relieved astonishment.

"Not even badly hurt," from Amos.

A jeering laugh went around the room. The ridiculous figure cut by this powerful son of the backwoods, who had imagined himself mortally hurt by a rifle bullet, when in fact he had simply been peppered with dry beans, set the woodsmen and millhands in a roar.

"Get up and get out, you coward!"

It was Anson Waybark speaking.

"The cur has imposed on us long enough, Mr. Rand. Shall I kick him into the road; or would you prefer to make him a prisoner, and hold him to the courts to be tried for malicious injury to property?"

By now Big Jake had slid off the bed, steaming from his wet clothes, his face, however, wearing a relieved expression.

"Wal, lads," he said purringly, "I t'ought I was killed. I felt the blow as of a club, then I fell over inter the river. When I crawled out and inter them lumber piles I 'spected ter die right away. Hope you gents'll excuse old Jake this time—he'll never try ter cut another boom."

"I reckon you won't," laughed Cave Wickett, who was very much amused over the outcome of the boom fight.

When the men continued to laugh, to jeer and poke fun at the discomfited bully, that worthy felt his ire growing.

"See here, you-uns," he growled, gliding out into the center of the shanty floor, his stolid face aglow with anger, "I want you to understand that Jake Baggart ain't whupped yet, beans or no beans. I kin lick this hull blamed crew. Come on ef yer think different!"

The fellow spat on his hands and began a war dance across the floor.

"Never mind, pal," soothed Cave Wickett. "You ought to be thankful you're alive, not dead down there in the river, food for fishes. It was my forethought in shooting beans instead of bullets that saved your bacon. Now Jake, shake and be friends—only don't you ever go near Major Rand's boom again, 'cause if you do, it'll be lead instead of beans next time."

The bully glared at the tall speaker one instant, the next he sprang forward as if to grasp him in his arms.

"No you don't, my honey," and Cave fell to one knee, his fingers going up till they caught Big Jake's collar. Suddenly the boom-cutter was twisted backward across the knee of the slender young hunter. The movement was like a flash of lightning. As Big Jake measured his length on the floor he uttered a deep groan, lying quite still.

"Mercy, Cave, you've fetched him this time!"

"I hope he isn't bad hurt."

The lean boy hunter was quickly bending over the prostrate man. He raised his head, from the temple of which trickled a crimson stream.

The big bully was unconscious. His hurt this time was far more serious than the shot had been. He was hustled back to the bed while Wickett ran to get some water with which to bathe the wound.

"Served him right," commented Waybark.

"That Cave is a wonder," from Tevier.

Major Rand and Amos remained till Big Jake was brought out of his swoon, and as the big fellow took his departure, humbled at last, father and son went outside. Amos hesitated about going home.

"I hardly think it would be safe to give up watching the boom," said the boy. "The Indians may return, even if Bully Jake does not."

"All right," returned the Major, consenting for his son to continue his vigils at the boom.

Altho Alta Paydon had promised to come and stay with Amos that night, the queer fat boy failed to show up at all, at which our hero wondered a little, finally deciding that it was hardly to be expected of Alta to keep an agreement. Doubtless the lad had become frightened at the prospect, else perhaps had forgotten all about his promise.

Cave Wickett went back to the boom with Amos.

"I can manage alone for the rest of the night, Cave," assured Amos.

"Oh, no, you won't! I mean to see this thing thru, old pal," laughed the tall boy of the woods.

And he was as good as his word, remaining with his friend on the watch till morning. Neither Indians nor whites came to disturb the boys.

"Your shooting dry beans into old Jake was a corking good idea, Cave," chuckled Amos to his friend in the morning. "Dad's at home now, so s'posen you go to the house with me and get your breakfast?"

But the lean Mr. Wickett declined.

"I won't intrude," he said. "I only hope your dad'll set things right in this neck of woods now he's home again."

"I expect he will," returned the millboy.

Amos met his parents at breakfast. His mother was feeling much more cheerful now that her husband had returned.

Mr. Rand told the story of his absence, explaining that some Western lumbermen had called on him at the Sherman House in Chicago, and had induced him to go into the interior of the State where they were starting an embryo town, which in the near future they said was to rival if not outclass Chicago.

"Of course," said the Major, in telling of this incident, "I took no stock in that part of their plans. Chicago is growing, and will be one of America's big cities some day. But the men seemed well-intentioned, and they wanted me to buy lots in the new town, offering to exchange these for some of my Michigan pine land holdings."

"Well, I am glad you didn't take up with their offer," said Mrs. Rand. "I think we have enough of Western lands. As for new cities springing up on the prairies, I wouldn't want to live there even if it proved true."

"No, I shouldn't expect you to, my dear," laughed her husband. "It is all a matter of speculation, or would be on my part, should I take up with their offer. Pine timber is rather a drug in the market just now, and city property seems to be on the up grade."

"But what do you want with city lots, Isaac? You were never a city man. I should think you would leave such things out of the deal altogether—that is, unless we could trade off all the pine here, and get money enough to take us back East."

There was an eager ring in the woman's voice at the last. A world of homesickness filled her eyes at the same time.

"Still thinking about old Maine, I see?" from the Major.

"I'm thinking about my folks there, Isaac," rebuked the wife. "You know what you promised when you came to that little Maine farm and asked me to be your wife."

"But you knew I was going to plant my stakes in the West, Alida," he extenuated. "You surely consented to take the risk and the man."

"But that promise——"

"Promise, Alida? What was it? Really I have forgotten."

Amos sat eagerly listening. He was Western-born, yet had heard so much from his mother of "down East" it seemed to him a paradise in comparison with the lumber woods. Furthermore, it was as one of the Yankee crew had once declared, "a land flowing with milk and honey."

"Why, that at the end of three years you would sell out here and return East—either to Maine, or to a nice home near old Boston."

"Well, now, perhaps you are right, Alida," laughingly returned the Major. "At the time I seemed to promise my little blue-eyed New England primrose anything. Business has been such as to prevent our return, Alida, but I am going to make you a proposition. You shall go down to Maine on a visit this summer and stay as long as you like. How will that strike you?"

"Of course," brightening, "that would be nice, but——"

"Now then, what?" as the little woman hesitated.

"I shouldn't want to go alone."

"Oh, as for that, I might accompany you, stay a week or so, then return here. You could come home in the fall. I think Amos and I could manage without mother for a short three months," and he glanced smilingly at his son.

"Of course we could," cried the millboy, quite taken with the idea. Altho he would have been delighted to keep his mother company, he fully realized that he ought not to leave his father.

"Very well," resumed the Major, "we'll see how it can be arranged."

Several days elapsed without anything further being done. Mrs. Rand went singing about the house, while Amos went to the mill to take the place of one of the men who was ill. The boy had worked in the mill weeks at a stretch in other years, having graduated from the small district school at the age of 14.

The Ottawas seemed to have quietly folded their tents and stolen away. The most of them returned to the reservation at Pentwater, a hundred miles up the lake shore from Cedar Pond.

The Rand mill was whittling away at the mass of logs in the river boom, and for a time nothing more was heard of Nat Tracy and his tool, Big Jake. Even the stolen sugar was forgotten. Amos began to think that perhaps he had misjudged Andrew Studfield, who had also absented himself.

One bright morning in May, as Amos was standing on the waste-way, watching the water purl over the gates to the creek twenty feet below, a rattle of wheels caused him to raise his head. As he did so he saw a team attached to a smart buggy drive up to the house of his father.

He walked hastily up the hill in time to see a couple of gentlemen dismount from the seat and approach the front door.

(Continued Next Week.)

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made to your measure in the latest style, keep it and wear it, show it to your friends, if it costs you nothing?

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say *"Send me your special offer,"* I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my *surprising liberal Offer.*

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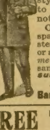

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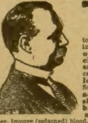

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I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. For either sex. Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach; constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy, neurasthenia, impaired memory and willpower, impure (poisoned) blood, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders. Nervous breakdown, weakened intellect and INSANITY are often attributed to tobacco habit by eminent medical men. Why continue to commit suicide when you can live a really contented life if you only get your body and nerves right? It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid yourself of habit by suddenly stopping with willpower—don't do it. Correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. Would you like to quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health? My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco & Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address:

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182,738 LONE SCOUTS

In 80 Weeks, 182,738 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization worldwide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: "Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

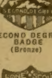
5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

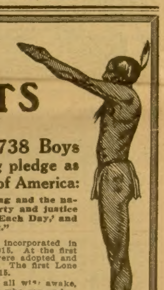
MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)



THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)



Lone Scout Indian

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP B

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date........................1917

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name........................ Age..........
Town........................ State..........
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$10 Brings $3,000

An Atlanta, Tex., barber, Peter Hogan, has received more than $3,000 dividends on $10 investment. Another man got $1,900 from $70 investment. Two ladies invested $84 each and awarded with $2,200 each. Numerous similar experiences. Almost unbelievable profits made on small investments in oil companies operating in the great Gulf Coast Oil Belt, where many big "gushers" of 5,000 to 20,000 bbls. a day brought in.

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We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra. These designs are stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described. You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can get one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

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Enclosed please find $..............for ....subscription to
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the.. Please send me free of all cost the
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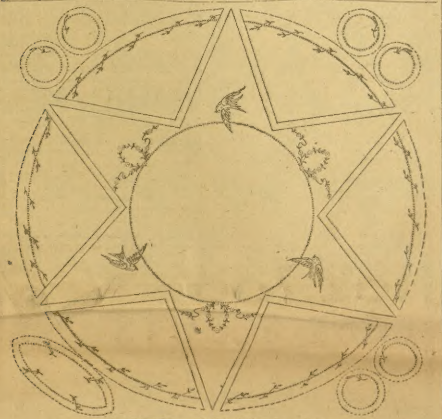

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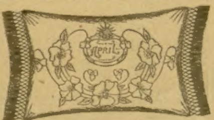

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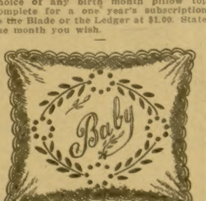
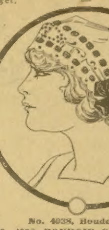
Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 25—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City



No. 1713, Baby Pillow.

NO. 1713, BABY PILLOW—The design is stamped on 16x18-inch white lawn, and enough material is included for back; also three skeins of floss for working design. Given for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger.



No. 4038, Boudoir Cap.

NO. 4038, BOUDOIR CAP—Stamped on a fine grade of white lawn, this boudoir cap makes a very pleasing effect. Just the thing for morning wear. We include four skeins of floss for working design. This will be sent for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to either the Blade or the Ledger.

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He Knew Her.

Mrs. Church—"I was out riding with your wife today in her car."

Mr. Gotham—"Indeed."

"And when she was telling me something a traffic policeman tried to stop her."

"But he didn't do it?"

"No, he did not."

"Of course not. Nobody can stop my wife when she's talking."

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LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

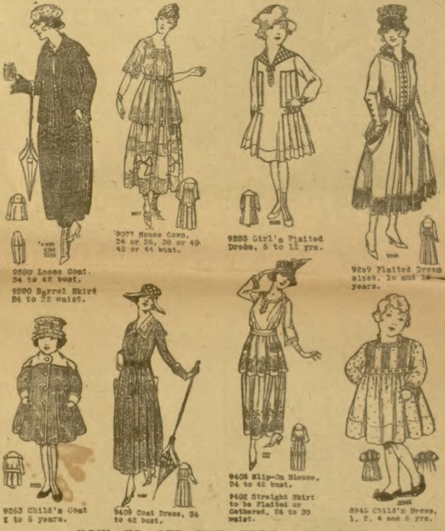
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



9580 Loose Coat. 34 to 42 bust.

9590 Barrel Skirt 24 to 32 waist.

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9283 Girl's Plaited Dress, 6 to 12 yrs.

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9409 Coat Dress, 34 to 42 bust.

9408 Slip-On Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.

9402 Straight Skirt to be Plaited or Gathered, 24 to 30 waist.

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Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

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THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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$60 A WEEK AND THIS FREE AUTOMOBILE
EVERY AGENT CAN GET AN AUTO FREE NO CONTEST
DEMONSTRATING TUB FURNISHED
Tub Guaranteed For 10 Years

You—yourself—can positively make $60 a week and get a Free Auto. I want men, hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make money, who are willing to work with me. Not for me, but with me. Are you that kind? I want you to advertise, sell, and appoint local agents for the biggest, most sensational seller in 50 years—the ROBINSON FOLDING BATH TUB. Demonstrating Tub Furnished. Here's an absolutely new invention—nothing like it. Makes instant appeal. Sells easily. Gives every home a modern up-to-date bathroom in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. Self-emptying and positively unleakable. Absolutely guaranteed for 10 years. Remember, fully 70% of homes have no bath rooms.

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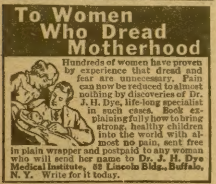
Two sales a day means $300 a month. Breeze, of Idaho, made $400 profit in 30 days. Rev. Otto Schulze, Mo., got $1600 to date. Burkholder, Mont., orders $1072 in 17 days. Hamlinton, of Wyo., made $60 first two days. Hundreds like that. Pleasant, permanent, fascinating work. Write a postcard. Let me write you a long letter. No experience needed, no capital. Your credit is good if you mean business. But you must be ambitious, you must want to make money. That's all. Write a postcard now. I want to pay you $60 every week.

H. S. ROBINSON, PRES. THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO.
4688 Factories Bldg. Toledo, Ohio


To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Hundreds of women have proven by experience that dread and fear are unnecessary. Pain can now be reduced to almost nothing by discoveries of Dr. J. H. Dye, life-long specialist in such cases. Book explaining fully how to bring strong, healthy children into the world with almost no pain, sent free in plain wrapper and postpaid to any woman who will send her name to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 52 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for it today.

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If you have ever dreamed of having a nice little pony, write for my plan that has made it easy for boys and girls to get ponies. All my ponies are well trained and gentle. If you haven't a pony and want this one send me your name today

Don't send any money. Just your name. On a post card, say: Tell me how to get a pony and buggy free, address

UNCLE JERRY, The Pony Man, 37 American Bldg., ST. PAUL, MINN.

$2.50 a Month

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

21 Jewel Burlington

All sizes for both men and women

The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

Write Today for Free Watch Book

See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts. Write today.

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A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : ::

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About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

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Not a child's toy but a genuine machine. Plays any flat or disc record—spring motor attachment, speed regulator, marvelous sound reproducer, that reproduces speaking, singing, orchestra, band, instrumental pieces, etc., perfectly. Compares in every way with best machines made. Handsomely finished in mahogany, nickel plated trimmings, large horn, black japanned. This Machine FREE for disposing of only 24 sets of our new art pictures at 25c a set, and sending the $6 collected. Write for pictures today.

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LADIES Send for our free catalogue describing the Bee Cell Supporter. "A Boon to Womankind." Made of pure soft rubber. Address BEE CELL CO., Dept. 10, White Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Fairy Corner

MY FATHER.

My pa, he's just the bestest boy
  That ever came down the pike:
He does all things 'at boys can do
  An' such as they're sure to like.
He's just so handy with his tools
  He beats the carpenter man.
An' w'en I grow to be as old as pa
  I'll be like him if I can.
He jumps an' runs an' cuts up fine,
  An' he jokes an' he carries on
Till my ma says, as she shakes her head,
  "He's the bigges' baby born!"
What d'you s'pose 'at happened once?
  There came a rough, beggary-man,
A-wheezin' an' limpin' right up to th' door
  An' ast of our servant girl, Ann.
He ast: "Will you gi' me a hunk o' bread.
  An' a piece o' meat or two?
Go ast your missus fer gooseberry pie
  An' tell her I'm hungry a few."
Then frightened Ann she rushed upstairs,
  "Mis' Beacon," she said to my ma,
"They's a tramp down there 'at's a turrible sight—
  Run, Tikey, go fetch your pa!"
My ma she went to the kitchen door
  As the beggar man grabbed a pie
An' he took a bite as he leered at ma,
  Who was frightened enough to die.
"You thief!" she yelled as she grabbed the broom
  An' flourished it thru the air,
"I'll teach you to break into people's homes
  An' steal when the folks ain't there!"
The old tramp dodged as th' broom came down
  On the floor with a turrible thwack,
Says he, "Thanks fur the snack o' pie
  An' the whack, an' now for a smack!"
With that he catches my pore, dear ma
  Round the waist with his great big arm,
An' he kisses her square on her two red lips
  While Ann she screamed in alarm.
My ma she struggled and shrieked a bit,
  An' t'en she laughed till she cried.
And she hugged that old tramp over again.
  She'd discovered my pa inside!
—Olive Carey.

◆

A WATERLOO.

It was midforenoon of a hot July day—the kind of a day when the atmosphere is a mass of shimmering heat waves and everything seems to be asleep except boys and droning insects.

Leander dropped from the pantry window, laden with spoils purloined after an exciting detour around the kitchen to escape the eyes of the cook. He landed squarely in his mother's prize flower bed, but without stopping to repair damages he raced to a fence post under the big apple tree and perched there to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

On the other side of the fence his new neighbor, a boy of his own age, was languidly pulling weeds at the rate of about one a minute.

"Hello," remarked Leander, sociably, "come sit in th' shade and have a doughnut."

"Don't care if I do," said the languid one, accepting the invitation.

Then followed the usual small boy chat on fishpoles, marbles and dogs, and finally Leander inquired, purely as a matter of form, "Say, what's your name?"

The grin faded from the face of his companion: "My name," he stated coldly, "is Augustine Reginald Potiphar Jones."

Leander stared at him blankly: "Aug—I—Oh, I say, who ever gave you such a name as that?" and he rolled off the fence post to the ground, giving way to mirth, which he presently checked when he saw the other boy glaring at him, ready for a spring.

"Aw—it was a couple of my aunts did it. I wouldn't have told anybody here, but I knew ma would; she's so proud of it!"

Leander reflected delightedly on what a piece of news this would be for "the kids," and he rose hastily, with the excuse that some work was waiting. Before night the new boy's name was known all over town, and the next morning the lad was greeted with, "Oh, here's Gussie," and "Come and see little Reginald, boys. Ain't he cute?" This kept on until the victim's fists were lifted with an air that scattered his tormentors, tho they shouted from a safe distance. The Jones boy walked away thinking bitterly. This was the work of that kid next door, and he'd get even with him—you bet! Just wait till there was a chance.

The next day Leander approached his victim with some hesitation, but he was reassured by the cordial reception he received. He decided, however, that he wouldn't call the Jones boy by his fancy name, just then—it might not be safe.

After a time he proposed to show his companion a new method of playing marbles, and the kind offer was accepted politely—Leander failed to see any danger in that politeness—and the Jones boy dug all the pennies out of his bank and was soon absorbed in the mysteries of the new game.

Leander raked in penny after penny, and the gleam in the eye of the other deepened. Just as Leander, with a bored air, picked up the last stake, a fighting whirlwind descended upon him and he went over like a tenpin. He was conscious of a choking voice denouncing him furiously between blows.

"I'll teach yuh (thump, thump) to make fun o' me an' tell your bunch to call me names! An' then (thump, thump) you swindled me out of my money. Jest wait till I get thru with yuh (thump) and you won't feel so smart. Now, you listen to this (thump, thump) or yuh won't get up; I want yuh to go and tell that precious bunch o' yours that I'm all right and that my name's Gus. (Thump, thump, thump.) Understand that? Well, now (thump), you promise?"

Leander came back to earth and promised. Then he was permitted to rise, but with bleeding nose, many a bump and a troubled mind. As he limped painfully home he found his ideas of honesty had undergone a change. He had now decided that honesty was the best policy for many and various reasons.

But the worst was yet to come. He must face his mother with his battered countenance and give an account of the reasons for it. That would be embarrassing. His father, too, had administered justice somewhat severely of late; he would probably catch it from all sides. He made up his mind that he would sneak in and escape his mother for a time at least.

But—heavens and earth! There was his father sitting on the steps smoking. All was lost! Mr. Harris' eyes twinkled as they fell upon his son, but he assumed a stern air as he called the culprit to account.

Leander dug his toe into the sand and regarded it fixedly while he stammered out an explanation, told the painful story and related his new resolution. He could never understand why, when it was ended, his father laughed so hard and why he said, "Well, I guess you have been punished enough, and you got just what you deserved. But don't let me hear of such tricks again. In that case I shall attend to it personally. Stick to your resolution, son!"

Verily, the ways of grownups are strange!

◆

ANIMAL SWIMMERS.

Nearly all animals are better swimmers than man and take to the water naturally. The rhinoceros and hippopotamus are wonderful swimmers and divers, while the Indian elephant crosses great rivers with heavy loads. The elk and the reindeer are first-class swimmers. The elk keeps his head above water and crosses directly from bank to bank to avoid turning. The reindeer, on the other hand, turns as often as he likes, keeping his head only a little above the surface. But of all swimmers of all climes the best, tho not the swiftest, is the polar bear, who passes half his time in the water swimming and diving. His swimming power is nothing short of miraculous, if it be remembered that the water in the regions he frequents is invariably cold and that cold is prohibitive to good swimming. One of the swiftest swimming animals is the squirrel. A sportsman on one occasion had a squirrel, born in captivity, which had never seen water. He wanted to see if it could swim, and took it with him in a row boat to the center of a lake. The squirrel turned toward the bank, head and paws above the water, back and tail underneath it, and began to swim so rapidly that it was with the greatest difficulty that the man recovered it when it reached the shallow water near the land.

◆

DOING HIS BEST.

In his mother's absence little Willie accepted an invitation to tea with a chum.

When he came home he found his mother waiting anxiously for him.

"I hope, Willie," she said at once, "that you remembered to wash your hands before you went to the table."

In the lad's eyes shone the light of virtue.

"I didn't have time to wash more than one, ma," he reassured her: "but I ate with that one and kept the other in my pocket."

◆

POLITENESS FIRST.

Dorothy was so homesick at her first party, and cried so bitterly, that the hostess' mother suggested that it would be better for her to go home.

Dorothy accepted the idea, but a few minutes later, upon answering a timid knock at the door, the hostess' mother found Dorothy bathed in tears.

"Well, Dorothy, I am glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back to us?"

"No; I f-f-forgot to say I had such a nice time."

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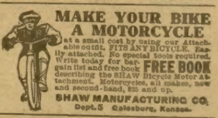
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